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OUTLAWS *of the* WEST





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I SAY CAN BE DONE!**

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OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

Volume 2, Number 14

FEBRUARY, 1958

Published Quarterly by Charlton Comics Group. Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Second Class Mailing privileges authorized at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 15c. Subscription 12 issues \$18.00. Copyright 1957 by Charlton Comics Group. Pat Masulli, Executive Editor. (Printed in U.S.A.)

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Pat Masulli Executive Editor

THE TRUTH ABOUT FLEET ELK



AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF
SITTING OUT THERE, OLD BLACK
CLOUD'S A KIND OF A
REGULAR FIXTURE
HEREABOUTS!

IF ANY HARM
SHOULD COME TO
HIM, FOLKS WOULD
START ASKIN'
QUESTIONS!



AND YOU WOULDN'T WANT THAT,
SAUNDERS... BECAUSE THOSE QUESTIONS
MIGHT LEAD TO THE TRUTH ABOUT
FLEET ELK!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



B...BUT OLD BLACK CLOUD HIMSELF! HE MUST KNOW THE TRUTH ALREADY...OR WHY ELSE WOULD HE HAVE BEEN SITTING OUT THERE ALL THESE YEARS?



SO WHAT? HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN WHITE MAN'S JUSTICE! HE'LL NEVER GO TO THE SHERIFF!

HE'S WAITIN' TO GET BACK AT YOU HIS OWN WAY, SAUNDERS! HE'S AN OLD MAN, AN' HE KNOWS THAT JUST BY YOUR SEEN' HIM OUT THERE, IS A KIND OF PUNISHMENT IN ITSELF! HE'S KEEPIN' YUH ON PINS AN' NEEDLES!



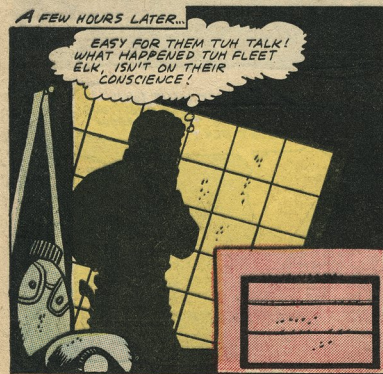
BLACK CLOUD WILL MAKE HIS MOVE SOMEDAY, SAUNDERS, BUT YUH GOT NOTHIN' TUH WORRY ABOUT!

NOT WITH US HERE TUH WATCH OVER YUH, YUH HAVEN'T!



WE'VE GONE OVER THIS A MILLION TIMES, SAUNDERS! IF YUH DIDN'T PAY US SO HIGH, WE'D HAVE GROWN TIRED OF YOUR MOANIN' AN' GROANIN' LONG AGO! (YAWN) I'M TIRED!

ME TOO! LET'S (YAWN) GET SOME SHUT EYE!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

EASY FOR THEM TUH TALK! WHAT HAPPENED TUH FLEET ELK, ISN'T ON THEIR CONSCIENCE!



FLEET ELK'S FATHER, BLACK CLOUD, HASN'T BEEN SITTING OUT THERE, DAY AND NIGHT ALL THESE YEARS, WAITING TO GET BACK AT THEM!

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



IF ONLY I HADN'T LOST MY HEAD! BUT WHOEVER THOUGHT WHEN I WALLOPED HIM ONE...



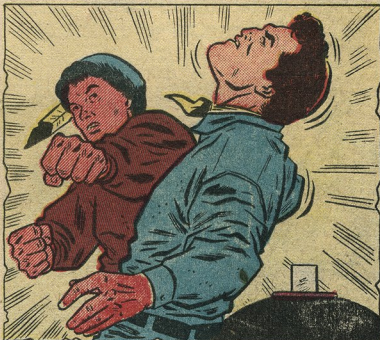
IT WAS TOUGH AND GO FOR A WHILE THERE IN THE DARK, THE TWO OF US SWINGING AS HARD AS WE COULD!



IF HE HADN'T BEEN SO SHARP-EYED, HE'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT ME SHORT-COUNTING HIM!



...THAT HE'D HAVE NERVE ENOUGH TWH FIGHT BACK!



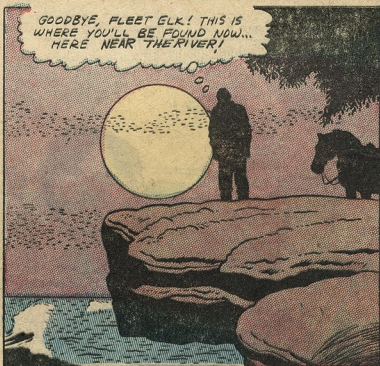
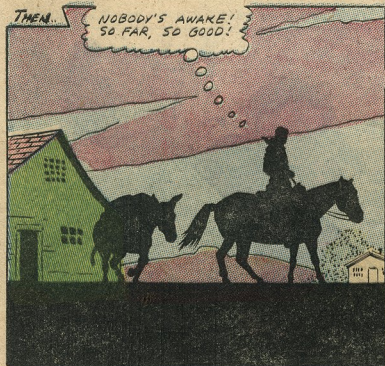
BUT THEN, FLEET ELK FELL, AN' HIS HEAD KNOCKED AGAINST THE COUNTER!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



I KNEW I HAD TO THINK FAST! IF THE TRUTH ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO FLEET ELK LEAKED OUT, SO BE A GONER! THE FIRST THING I DID WAS FILL MY BELT POUCH WITH SILVER DOLLARS...



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



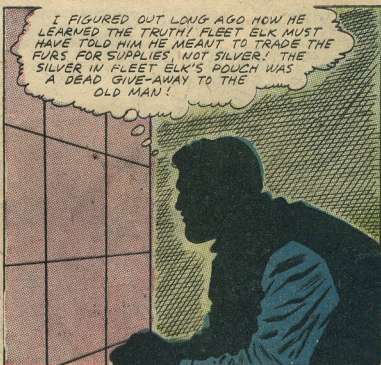
I'M IN THE CLEAR...NOBODY SUSPECTS THE TRUTH!

OH, I WAS SURE OF MYSELF! BUT ONLY UNTIL THE NEXT DAY! FOR THEN I SAW HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME!



BLACK CLOUD...FLEET ELK'S FATHER! WHAT'S HE DOING IN TOWN? WHAT'S HE STARING OVER HERE FOR?

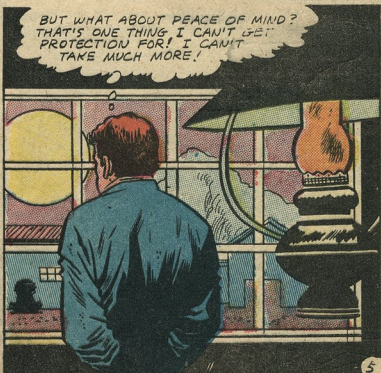
ALL THESE LONG YEARS...HE'S ALWAYS BEEN SITTING THERE! ALL THESE YEARS...I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR HIM TO MAKE A MOVE!



I FIGURED OUT LONG AGO HOW HE LEARNED THE TRUTH! FLEET ELK MUST HAVE TOLD HIM HE MEANT TO TRADE THE FURS FOR SUPPLIES, NOT SILVER! THE SILVER IN FLEET ELK'S POUCH WAS A DEAD GIVE-AWAY TO THE OLD MAN!

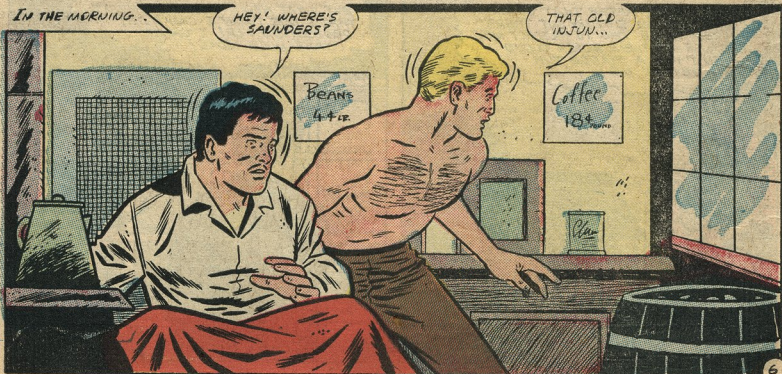
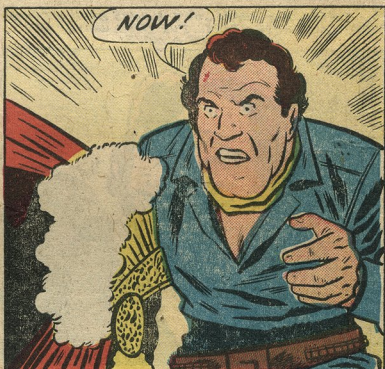


WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT BLACK CLOUD STARTED SITTING OUT THERE! I HIRED THESE TWO TO PROTECT ME! BECAUSE OF THEM, BLACK CLOUD HASN'T HAD A CHANCE TUH GET AT ME!



BUT WHAT ABOUT PEACE OF MIND? THAT'S ONE THING I CAN'T GET! PROTECTION FOR! I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE!

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LET'S GO FIND HIM!



BLACK CLOUD! HE...
HE'S...HE'S...



GONE!

YOU TWO LOOKING
FOR SAUNDERS?

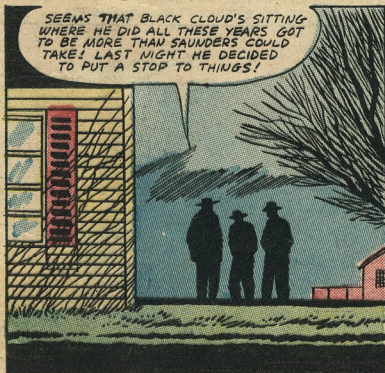


YEAH, SHERIFF! H-HE WAS GONE
WHEN WE GOT UP THIS MORNING!
Y-YOU KNOW WHERE HE WENT
OFF TO SHERIFF?

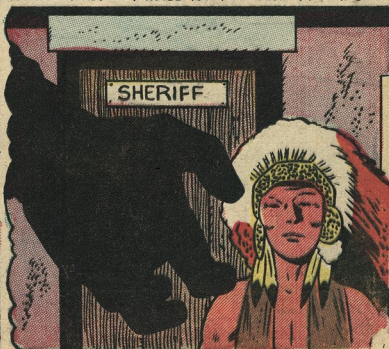
I SURE DO! AND
I KNOW WHERE
BLACK CLOUD IS
RIGHT NOW, TOO!



SEEMS THAT BLACK CLOUD'S SITTING
WHERE HE DID ALL THESE YEARS GOT
TO BE MORE THAN SAUNDERS COULD
TAKE! LAST NIGHT HE DECIDED
TO PUT A STOP TO THINGS!



SO HE WALKED OUT WHILE YOU TWO WERE SLEEPING!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

...AND CAME CRAWLING OVER TO ME TO CONFESS THE TRUTH ABOUT WHAT HE'D DONE TO FLEET ELK!



Y-YUH MEAN THAT?

YEP! SAUNDERS IS IN THE LOCK-UP RIGHT NOW! BUT YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE PAY-OFF! WHEN I TOLD BLACK CLOUD ABOUT THE CONFESSION, HE WAS MORE SHOCKED THAN ANYBODY ELSE!



SEEMS HE'D BEEN SO FOND OF THAT SON OF HIS, AND SO CONVINCED BY THE SILVER FOUND IN THAT POUCH THAT SAUNDERS HAD TREATED FLEET ELK FAIR AND SQUARE...



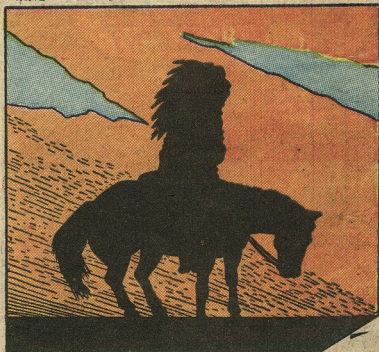
...THAT HE'D BEEN SITTING OUT THERE ALL THESE YEARS, JUST TO BE NEAR THE LAST SPOT WHERE HIS SON HAD KNOWN HAPPINESS AND FAIR TREATMENT BEFORE DYING!



BUT NOW THAT BLACK CLOUD KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT FLEET ELK...



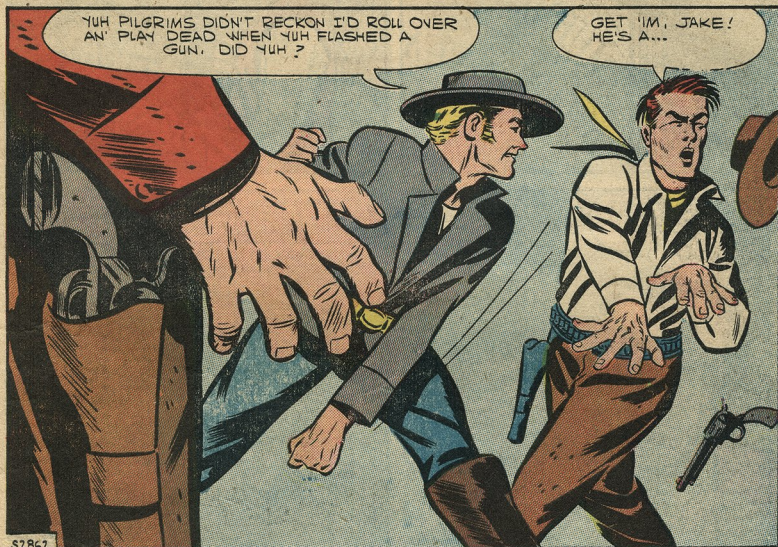
...HE WON'T BE SITTING THERE ANYMORE!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

MURRAY SMITH'S GANG HAD FLEECE A DOZEN PROSPECTIVE SETTLERS THE SAME WAY. THE PARADISE VALLEY RANCH SMITH OFFERED FOR SALE WAS PERFECT... BUT MEN LIKE REED TUTTLE NEVER GOT THEIR HANDS ON THE ACTUAL DEED. SMITH'S WOLVES WERE ALWAYS WAITING FOR THE CHUMP TO SHOW HIS BANKROLL... THEN THEY POUNCED. BUT WHEN THEY TRIED TO FLEECE TUTTLE, THEY LEARNED...

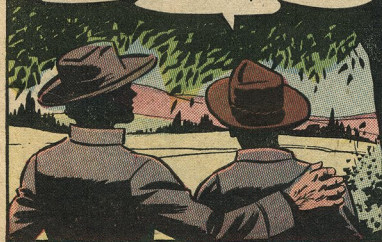
The LAMB HAD TEETH



S2862

THE SOUTH WAS RUINED FOR CONFEDERATE MAJOR REED TUTTLE. HE DECIDED TO MOVE WEST, TAKING THE REST OF THE CLAN WITH HIM. THEY POOLED THEIR MONEY FOR LAND...

THIS LAND SUITS ME, REED! SEE IF YOU CAN BUY TWO OR THREE SECTIONS -- BUT DON'T LOSE OUR BANKROLL!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

TUTTLE ASKED AROUND TOWN FOR THE OWNER OF THE LAND HE'D SEEN; IT WAS THE SHERIFF WHO GAVE HIM THE ANSWERS...

SMITH GOT THAT LAND YUH WANT, REB! COUNT YORE FINGERS AFTER YUH SHAKE HIS HAND!

THANKS, SHERIFF! I RECKON I'LL GET ALONG.

MURRAY SMITH
LAND AGENT

YUH CAN HAVE THAT STRETCH OF LAND FOR EIGHT THOUSAND, MR. TUTTLE! WE WANT GOOD MEN LIKE YOU HERE FOR NEIGHBORS!

DOESN'T SOUND MUCH LIKE IT! I'LL THINK IT OVER! IT'S SURE GOOD LAND!



WAIT A MINUTE! I COULD KNOCK OFF A THOUSAND FOR CASH! YOU GOT CASH?

I COULD SCRATCH UP SEVEN THOUSAND, I RECKON! I'LL LET YOU KNOW!



TUTTLE HAD BANK DRAFTS FROM A ST. LOUIS BANK! HE THOUGHT IT OVER, THEN HEADED FOR THE NEAREST BANK...

THEY'RE GOOD, YUH CAN SEE THAT! WHAT'S WRONG?

N- NOTHING, MR. TUTTLE! I'LL SEE MR. ARLEN!



TELL SMITH THE PILGRIM'S GOT CASH! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, TUTTLE WAS ON HIS WAY BACK TO MURRAY SMITH'S OFFICE! SMITH DIDN'T WANT HIM TO MAKE IT WITH THAT MONEY...

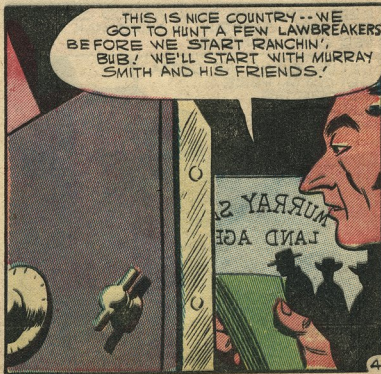
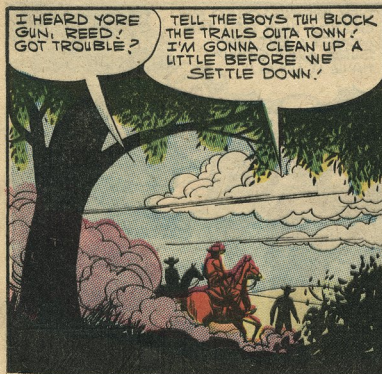
HE'S GOT SEVEN THOUSAND, JAKE! MAKE SURE YOU GET IT!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

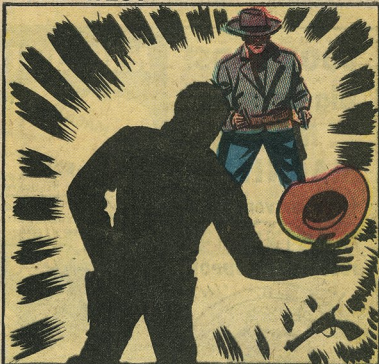
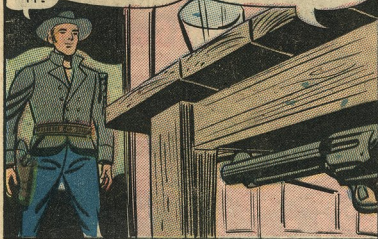


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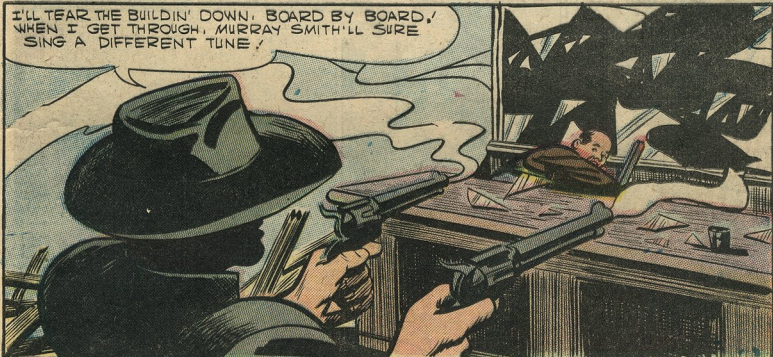
REED TUTTLE DIDN'T WAIT FOR HELP! HE HEAD-ED FOR SMITH'S FINE ACES, A SALOON, SMITH'S GUNSLINGERS HUNG OUT THERE...

YOU BOYS ARE WORSEN PRAIRIE WOLVES! YUH GOT A CHANCE TUH LEAVE TOWN, TAKE IT!

YUH AIN'T LEANIN', THAT'S SURE, TUTTLE! GIT HIM, BARNEY!



I'LL TEAR THE BUILDIN' DOWN, BOARD BY BOARD, WHEN I GET THROUGH, MURRAY SMITH'LL SURE SING A DIFFERENT TUNE.



MURRAY SMITH TRIED TO RUN, BIBBA TUTTLE BROUGHT HIM BACK! THE OTHER OWL-HOOTERS DRIFTED OUT FAST! THEN, REED TUTTLE HUNTED UP THE SHERIFF...

HERE, SHERIFF! I BROKE A FEW LAWS, US TUTTLES WANT LAW AN' ORDER HERE! I'LL STAND TRIAL!

KEEP YORE GUNS, TUTTLE!



I NEVER HAD ANY EVIDENCE AGAINST SMITH, AN' I DIDN'T HAVE ANY DEPUTIES! SO, WHEN I SAW YOU GOIN' AFTER HIM WITH YORE BROTHERS, I DEPUTIZED THE WHOLE FAMILY! YUH DID A FINE JOB!



END

for your very own!
IT'S FREE!
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MANY WONDERFUL
PREMIUMS or CASH

MAGIC MAGNIFIER COMES TO YOU FREE! ACT NOW!



MAIL COUPON • Magnifier sent FREE!

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Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 tubes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 50c a tube (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send my FREE "MAGIC MAGNIFIER"!

[illegible]

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 99-1, Tyrone, Pa.

The

TRAP

GAL ROMAN NEVER HAD A CHANCE WHEN THE MASKED MEN STRUCK IN THE NIGHT. MARSHAL JED CURTISS FOUND HIM SPRAWLED NEAR HIS FIREPLACE THE NEXT MORNING. HIS GUN HANGING ON A FEW INCHES FROM HIS HAND! CURTISS HAD IDEAS BUT HE NEEDED PROOF AND THE VICTIM PROVIDED HIM WITH A WAY TO GET IT!

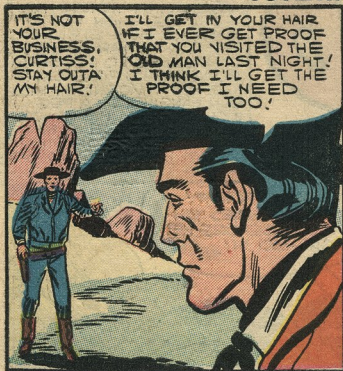


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JED CURTISS USUALLY HAD HIS MORNING COFFEE AT CAL ROMAN'S SHACK! HE FOUND CAL IN THE FIRELESS SHACK, HIS COFFEE MAKING DAYS OVER...



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



IT'S NOT YOUR BUSINESS, CURTISS! STAY OUTA MY HAIR!

I'LL GET IN YOUR HAIR IF I EVER GET PROOF THAT YOU VISITED THE OLD MAN LAST NIGHT! I THINK I'LL GET THE PROOF I NEED TOO!

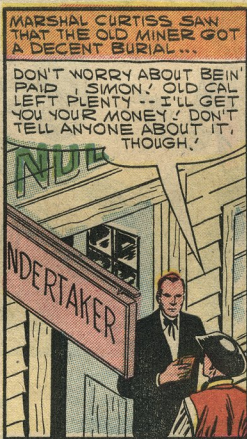
MIKE DAY, PICK, RIZER'S HENCHI-- MAN! I HATED THE MARSHAL! HE HAD HIS GUN OUT AND WAS THUMBING THE HAMMER BACK WHEN...



FREEZE, BOTH OF YOU!



I'M SURE YOU TWO DID IN THE OLD MAN -- BUT I'M A LAWMAN AND I GOT TO HAVE PROOF! I'LL GET IT -- NOW BEAT IT, BOTH OF YOU!



MARSHAL CURTISS SAW THAT THE OLD MINER GOT A DECENT BURIAL...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT BEIN' PAID, SIMON! OLD CAL LEFT PLENTY -- I'LL GET YOU YOUR MONEY! DON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT IT, THOUGH!



HE'S DOIN' JUST WHAT I TOLD HIM NOT TUH DO -- BUT I KNEW HE WOULD! I'D BETTER RIDE OUT...

THE MARSHAL SADDLED UP AND RODE OUT, BEING CAREFUL THAT HE WASN'T FOLLOWED -- BUT NOT TOO CAREFUL...



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THE MARSHAL RODE ON, AWARE OF THE TWO MEN FOLLOWING...

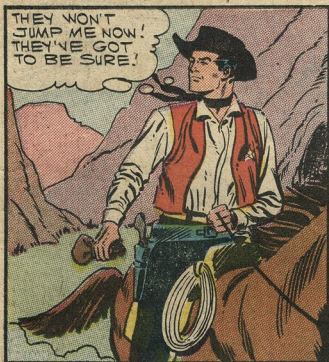


THIS IS THE PLACE! RIZER AND HIS PAL ARE UP ON THE RIM WATCHIN'...

WAIT, MIKE! LET 'IM COME OUT -- WE'LL WATCH 'IM, THEN BEAT IT BACK TOWNS. WE'LL SOON KNOW IF THAT'S WHERE CAL LEFT HIS MONEY.



THEY WON'T JUMP ME NOW! THEY'VE GOT TO BE SURE!



THE MARSHAL PAID THE UNDERTAKER IN GOLD DUST -- THE TALKATIVE MORTICIAN SPREAD THE WORD MINUTES LATER...

HE PAID OLD CAL'S BILL IN GOLD DUST! WHERE'D THE MARSHAL GET THE DUST?

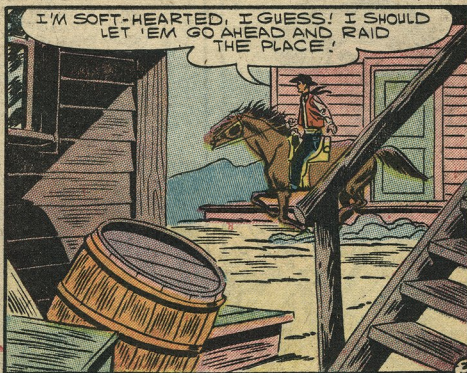
WE KNOW! LET'S GO, MIKE! THERE MUST BE LOTS MORE LEFT!



THERE THEY GO! I'D BETTER BEAT THEM THERE! IT'LL BE MESSY IF I DON'T!

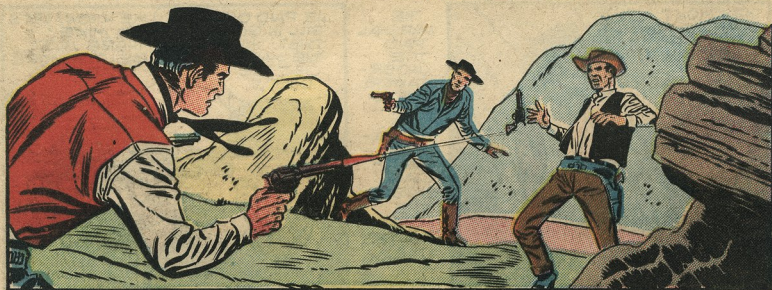


I'M SOFT-HEARTED, I GUESS! I SHOULD LET 'EM GO AHEAD AND RAID THE PLACE!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THE MARSHAL
FROST
TAKES
AND
TOOK
STOCK
OUTST-
THE
TWO
OUTLAW
DIDN'T
KNOW
EXISTED!
HE WAS
WAITING
WHEN
THEY
CATTER-
ED
UP...



AMAZING PRECISION MINIATURE SECRET CAMERA

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☐ I enclose payment. Same Money Back Guarantee.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

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Each cannon has metalized (brass plated) parts, rope, metal chain and full, easy-to-follow instructions. We believe you will find these new guns the finest historic authentic models you ever saw!

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Rush coupon immediately with \$1.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling for each cannon or \$3.30 for all three. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

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The famous American gun that kept the enemy away from our shores! This easy-to-build, all plastic model kit contains 56 pieces!

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\$1.00
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Canadian and Foreign orders add 20¢ each per gun and send International Money Order.

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST THE BATTLE OF THE RUNTS

RECKON WHAT FOLKS SAY ABOUT THE WEST IS PLUMB TRUE! OUT HERE EVERYTHING DOES GROW BIGGER THAN IN OTHER PARTS OF THE 'WORLD! THAT GOES FOR THE WIDE DESERTS AND THE DEEP CANYONS, AND IT GOES FOR MEN TOO! RECKON THAT'S HOW COME JED THOMPSON WAS SO RILED UP AT EVERYBODY ALL THE TIME, BEING THAT HE WAS A RUNT AMONG TALL MEN.

YOU CALLED ME RUNT, MISTER! THAT WAS A BIG MISTAKE... CALLIN' ME RUNT!

START

JED WAS FOREVER PICKING FIGHTS WITH FULLGROWN MEN

BAM!
BLAM!

MOST FOLKS KNEW BETTER THAN TO LET THAT LITTLE RATTLER RILE THEM INTO A FIGHT! BUT EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE A CONHAND WOULD COME ALONG ... WHO DIDN'T KNOW BETTER...

WHO'RE YOU PUSHIN', RUNT?

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

RUNT, AM I? WHY, YOU' BEANPOLE YOU! CLEAR LEATHER...AND WE'LL SEE WHO'S THE BIGGER MAN.'

YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT, RUNT! AM I?

JED'S DRAW WAS AS FAST AS GREASED LIGHTNING, AND HIS AIM WAS AS GOOD AS THE GRUDGE HE BORE AGAINST THE WORLD WAS BAD...

KRAK!

CHARLIE'S SALOON
BAR

HMPF! ANYBODY ELSE HERE WANT TO PALAVER WITH ME ABOUT MY SIZE?

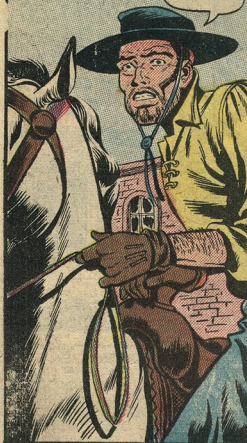
THIS ALL HAPPENED IN THE DAYS WHEN THE TERRITORY WAS TOO YOUNG FOR THE LAW TO HAVE TAKEN OVER! SO WITH NO STAR-TOTER TO STOP HIM, IT LOOKED LIKE THAT ORNERY RUNT WITH THE EVERLASTING CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, WOULD JUST KEEP ROLLING ALONG FOREVER...

THEN JED LIT OUT FOR A SPELL, AND WE PLUMB FORGOT HIM! BUT LIKE A BAD PENNY, HE CAME ROLLING BACK ONE DAY... AND FROM THE SCOWL ON HIS FACE, IT SURE LOOKED LIKE HE WAS READY TO WHIP UP A STORM...

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

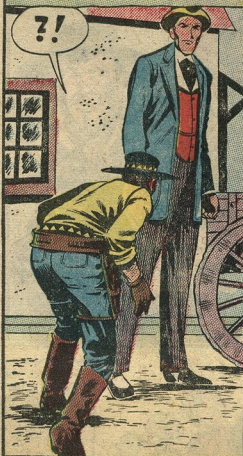
WHAT JED DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT WE HAD SOME VERY SPECIAL VISITORS IN TOWN THAT DAY.' BUT HE SAW ONE OF THEM RIGHT-SOON...

GASP!



YOU COULDN'T BLAME JED FOR BEING HORNSWOGGLED! THAT STRANGER WAS TALLER THAN ANY MAN THE RUNT HAD EVER SEEN IN THE WORST OF HIS NIGHTMARES...

?!



AND YOU COULDN'T BLAME THOSE WHO WERE LOOKING ON FOR SNICKERING. THOSE TWO STANDING THERE LOOKED REAL COMICAL...

THAT'S THE LONG AND THAT'S THE SHORT OF IT. THAT'S FOR SURE.



WHO SAID THAT? RELAX, SHORTY! NOBODY MEANT ANY HARM.' REMARKS LIKE THAT ARE ALWAYS BEING PASSED ABOUT PEOPLE LIKE US.'



PEOPLE LIKE US? I'M NOT LIKE YOU! YOU'RE A MONSTROSITY! I'M NOT!

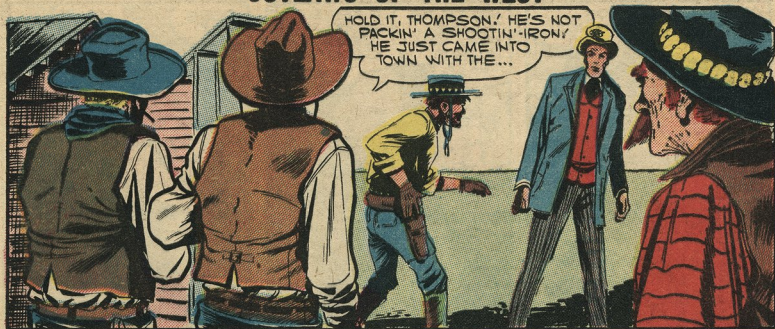


YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO CALL ME THAT.'

I'LL SAY IT AGAIN, MONSTROSITY! AND THE ONLY WAY YOU HAVE OF PROVING I'M WRONG, IS TO CLEAR LEATHER AGAINST ME.'



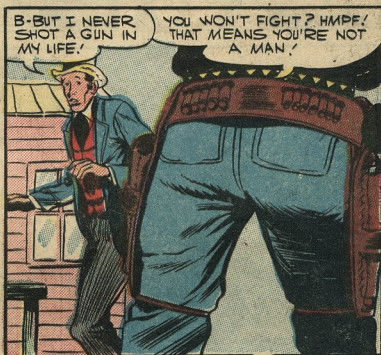
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



HOLD IT, THOMPSON! HE'S NOT
PACKIN' A SHOOTIN'-IRON!
HE JUST CAME INTO
TOWN WITH THE ...



THEN I'LL LEND HIM ONE OF MINE.
C'MON, BEANPOLE, RAISE IT AND
TAKE AIM, I DARE YOU!



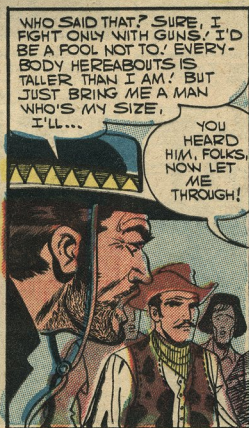
B-BUT I NEVER
SHOT A GUN IN
MY LIFE!

YOU WON'T FIGHT? HMPF!
THAT MEANS YOU'RE NOT
A MAN!



JUST THEN, FROM THE BACK
OF THE CROWD...

HE'S MORE OF A MAN THAN
YOU ARE, HE CAN'T FIGHT
WITH A GUN, SO HE OWNS
UP TO IT! BUT YOU CAN'T
FIGHT WITHOUT GUNS, BARE-
HANDED, YOU WON'T STAND
A CHANCE, WILL YOU
OWN UP TO THAT?



WHO SAID THAT? SURE, I
FIGHT ONLY WITH GUNS, I'D
BE A FOOL NOT TO! EVERY-
BODY HEREABOUTS IS
TALLER THAN I AM! BUT
JUST BRING ME A MAN
WHO'S MY SIZE,

I'LL...

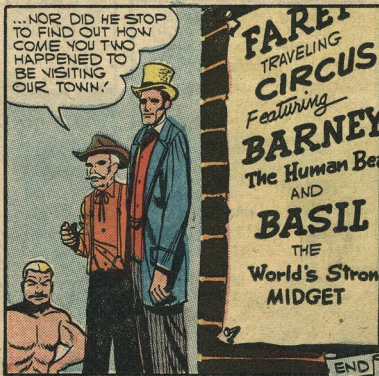
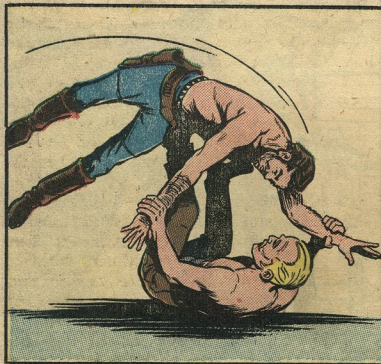
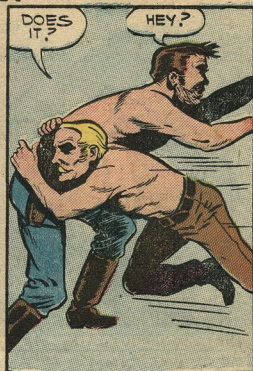
YOU
HEARD
HIM, FOLKS,
NOW LET
ME
THROUGH!



I'M HALF
YOUR
SIZE,
RUNT!
WANT
TO TAKE
ME ON?

WH-WHAT'S GOING
ON IN THIS TOWN
TODAY? FIRST HIM...
AND NOW HIM!

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



PLEASE...

The governor was busy at his desk signing important papers. The session of the legislature had just ended, and many important laws would soon be added to the statute books. He was conscious of the fact that his secretary was standing in front of him.

"What is it, John?" he asked without taking his eyes from the document he had started to read.

"He's here," said an excited voice. "If I only had known he was coming! I would have brought my son with me. He would have some story to tell his classmates. A meeting with the Prince Albert Kid is not an ordinary event."

The governor raised his eyes from the paper and smiled. Then he spoke.

I didn't expect him myself. I sent the telegram to Washington and they told me he was on an important federal assignment. Then I left instructions for him what to do in case he should be free. Show him right in."

Two minutes later a man walked in and the governor arose from his seat to greet him. The visitor wore a long Prince Albert coat. From his hips swung his two pearl handled Colt's .45. The famous law man of the West began the conversation.

"I explained to Washington that there might be some connection between the holdup of the National Bank at Pottsville and the slaying of Phillip Diamond. So they gave their consent to my working on the case for you."

"Did you go to the State Prison?" asked the governor.

"That I did," replied the lawman. "I had a talk with Louis Miller. Then I read the record of his appeal. He still sticks to the facts that he related at his trial."

"That's what puzzles me," admitted the governor. "Over and over I ask myself the same question. Would a guilty man have acted the way that he did? It just doesn't make sense."

"Apparently it did make a lot of sense to the twelve jurors who brought in a verdict of

Guilty without a recommendation of mercy," pointed out the Prince Albert Kid. "The motive would be jealousy over Jane Monroe. Both Phillip Diamond and Louis Miller liked her. Diamond was rich ranch owner and Miller was trying his best to work a claim he had located east of the Pecos River. Twice they had had words in town. Once they almost started fighting. A good thing the state has a law forbidding the carrying of guns.

Then came that fateful Thursday. All we have is what Louis Miller told the court. He was riding on his horse to Porteville. He saw Phillip Diamond and this Indian. Diamond had his famous whip in his hand and had lashed the Indian twice. Miller swears that the Indian pleaded for mercy: 'Please don't kill me.' So Miller dismounted from his horse and tried to take the bull whip away from Diamond. There was a fight. According to Miller, Diamond pulled out a .38 revolver and tried to shoot him. There was a struggle for the gun. One shot and Diamond was dead. The Indian vanished.

Then Miller put the body on the horse and went into town. He gave himself up to the sheriff and claimed it was self defense. The sentiment of the town certainly was against Miller. The Prosecuting Attorney claimed it was premeditated murder; that Miller had the .38 and used it. Then fabricated the story."

"What should I do?" asked the governor. "The father of Louis Miller was one of my best friends. You can see the position in which that puts me."

"Sign a reprieve order now and give it to me," suggested the Prince Albert Kid. "If I find some new evidence in favor of the young man we can stay the execution. If not, then the hanging takes place on schedule. I will go directly to Porteville. There is something I must clear up about the bank robbery."

Two days later, the famous law man of the West sat in the office of his friend, Sheriff Ben Clark.

"The way you talk," said the sheriff, "One

would think you feel that there is a connection between the killing of Diamond and the bank robbery. The so-called Black Bandit never worked up in this territory before. That I will admit. But we could all swear he held up the bank."

"Shows you how certain people can be — and yet be wrong," smiled the Prince Albert Kid. "Your so-called Black Bandit got his name because of his black trousers, shirt, hat, and mask. You all know it was him. I have a shocker for you. It couldn't have been him!"

"Why?" questioned the sheriff with disbelief in his voice.

"Because the so-called Black Bandit happened to be one Thomas Clark. He was killed two days before the hold up of the bank in this town. He tried to hold up a gambling place in Sonora, Mexico and was killed by a shotgun. Now you tell me something: Can a dead man hold up a place? You know the answer yourself. Somebody else must have used the same disguise. The loot was a hundred thousand dollars in National Bank Notes. Now I have more news for you. I believe this bandit had been given a tip about the presence of the money in the bank."

"What do we do now?" asked the sheriff.

"We pay Chief Tau-ankia a visit. Somehow we must account for that Indian."

It was half a day's journey to the reservation. The Indian Chief greeted the famous law man whom he had met at Fort Sill. The purpose of the visit was explained.

"I was asked the same question before," said the Chief. "Not a single brave nor squaw was absent from the reservation on the day of the killing of that rancher. Why am I so certain? Because on that day, Captain Person from Fort Sill was here. He brought with him the silver dollars we get according to the treaty. I insisted that all my tribe be present and the dollars distributed in front of Captain Person."

The sheriff looked at the face of his old friend and could see the dismay written.

"Come on back to my home," he suggested. "My two sons want to meet you. We will sleep over here in the village and leave in the morning."

On the way back home, the Prince Albert Kid was quiet. Finally the sheriff broke the silence.

"What's on your mind? Something must be bothering you terribly because you show it all over your face."

"The story that Miller told," replied the law man. "It just doesn't sound true. Yet, even if it

was true, something is wrong with it. But what? I know there is a flaw somewhere, but I just can't place my finger on it."

The two returned in time for lunch. The sheriff's wife had prepared a delicious meal for them. Her two sons, Tim age 8, and Freddy age 9, were thrilled to meet the famous law man.

"Watch us play sheriff and rustler," said Tim.

Tim got out a wooden gun and chased his brother around the house. He caught him and held the gun near him.

"Please don't kill me," pleaded Freddy.

The Prince Albert Kid's eyes almost popped out of his head. Now it clicked.

"That's it," he shouted. "There's the flaw. No Indian would talk that way."

"So the story that Miller told was a big lie," retorted the sheriff.

"I don't think so," snapped back the Prince Albert Kid. "We have to go back to the reservation. There's another question I want to ask Chief Tau-ankia. If we have the answer, then Miller can really be telling the truth, strange as it may seem."

The Chief was surprised to get a return visit from the two law men. He did as requested and summoned all his braves and their squaws. Then he asked the question:

"Who sold clothing so that a white man could pass as a Indian? It is important to know and will save an innocent man's life."

"I did," announced Laughing One, "To the Mr. Kempt. The man in the bank. He said he wanted to use it as a present to send to a cousin back east. Paid me fifty dollars in gold and asked me to keep it a secret."

The next day the sheriff and the Prince Albert Kid faced Mr. Irving Kempt in the bank.

"Remove your shirt now," ordered the sheriff.

The man hesitated but took it off. On his back were the healing scars from a bullwhip. He confessed and told all:

"I permitted Phillip Diamond to overdraw his account. Then I told him about the shipment of the National Bank Notes. He held up the bank and took the money. We were to split. He suggested we meet, but that I disguise myself as an Indian. He planned to kill me. Somebody would figure I had disguised myself as an Indian to commit a crime. Miller came along and saved my life but thought I was an Indian."

Two weeks later, Louis Miller left prison with a full pardon and a heart full of gratitude towards the Prince Albert Kid.

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THEY WERE HARD-BITTEN MEN, THOSE OUTLAWS OF THE WEST, IN A RAW LAND! THEY WERE AS WILD AS THE ENDLESS UNTAPPED COUNTRY THAT STRETCHED BEFORE THEM AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE! THE ONLY LAW THEY KNEW... WAS THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

IN THE INNER RECESSES OF THEIR VIOLENT HEARTS, THE OUTLAWS SULLENLY ADMITTED THAT THEY WOULD HAVE TO SUBMIT TO THE LAW ...! BUT ALONG WITH THE ADMISSION CAME RESENTMENT AND FURY!

WE'LL GO DOWN, ALL RIGHT, BUT WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!

WE'LL SHOW 'EM THIS WEST OF OURS CAN'T BE TAMED EASY-LIKE!

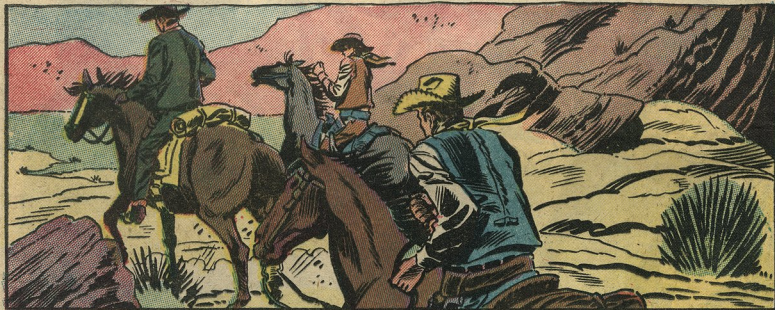


BART WALTON WAS JUST ABOUT THE ORNERIEST OF ALL THE OUTLAWS! HE RULED HIS GANG WITH AN IRON FIST!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO TALK BACK TO ME!



BUT THE LAW KEPT MOVING WESTWARD ... AND WALTON AND HIS GANG KEPT MOVING AHEAD OF IT, POSTPONING AS LONG AS HE COULD, THEIR DAY OF RECKONING ...!



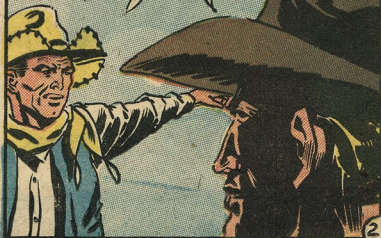
AND AS THEY MOVED, THEY WERE ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR EASY MONEY!

HEY, BOSS!

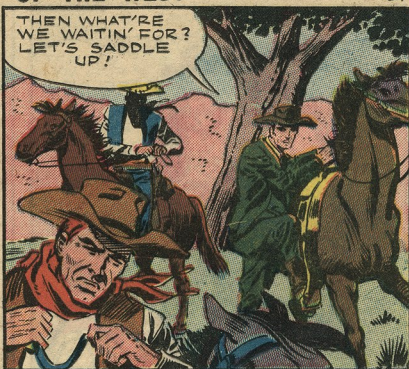
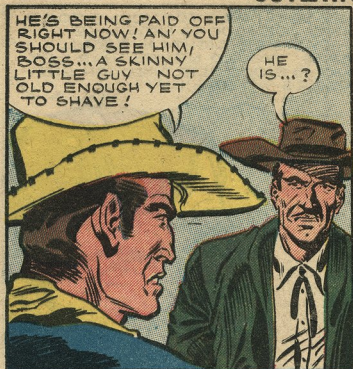


BIG RAILHEAD TOWN DOWN YONDER! A PASSEL OF COWHANDS JUST DELIVERED A HERD!

THE ONE IN CHARGE OF THE CATTLE DRIVE BEEN PAID OFF YET BY THE DEALER?



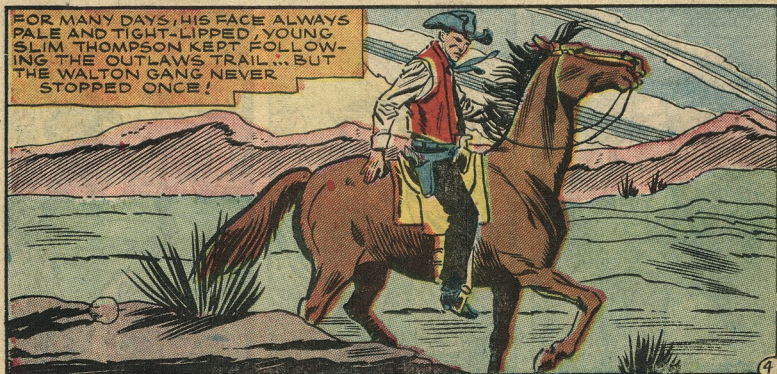
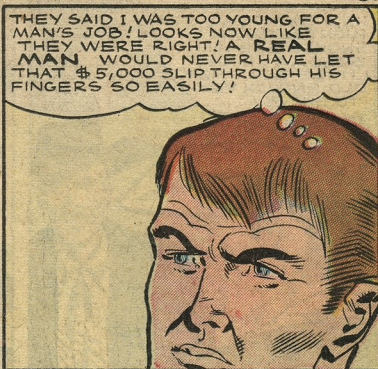
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



HIS NAME WAS SLIM THOMPSON! AND AS HE WALKED ALONG THE SHADOWY STREET, THE MONEY BAG TIGHT IN HIS HAND, HIS HEART WAS OVERBRIMMING WITH PRIDE!

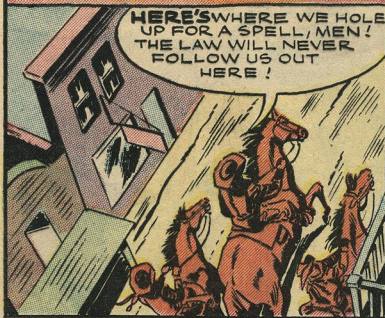


OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

...NOT UNTIL THEY HIT DEAD END,
THE NEWEST, RAWEST FRONTIER
TOWN OF THEM ALL!



HERE'S WHERE WE HOLE
UP FOR A SPELL, MEN!
THE LAW WILL NEVER
FOLLOW US OUT
HERE!

SOON THEY WERE HOOTING AND HOL-
LERING, PAINTING THE TOWN RED
WITH MONEY THAT WASN'T THEIRS
...NEVER ONCE DREAMING THAT
SLIM THOMPSON WAS STILL ON
THEIR TRAIL!



WALTON HIMSELF WAS
ALWAYS ONE FOR
GAMBLING!



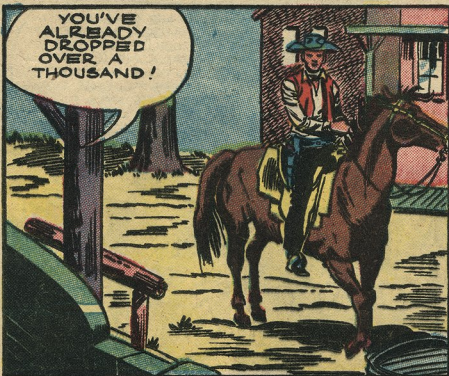
LOSING
AGAIN,
BOSS?

MY LUCK HAS TO
CHANGE SOONER
OR LATER!

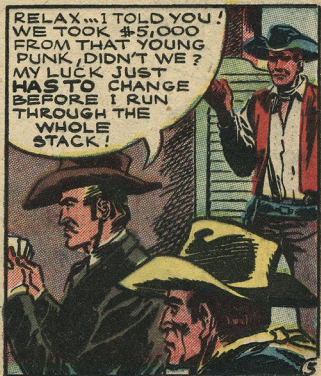
WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE IT EASY,
HUH,
BOSS?



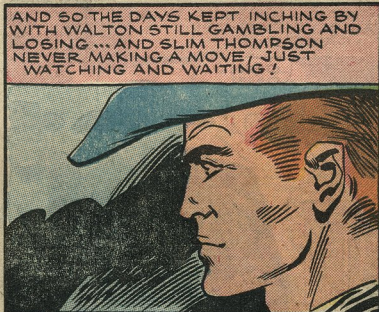
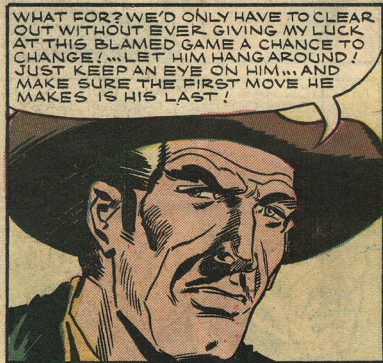
YOU'VE
ALREADY
DROPPED
OVER A
THOUSAND!



RELAX...I TOLD YOU!
WE TOOK \$5,000
FROM THAT YOUNG
PUNK, DIDN'T WE?
MY LUCK JUST
HAS TO CHANGE
BEFORE I RUN
THROUGH THE
WHOLE
STACK!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

BUT WHEN IS HE GOING TO MAKE HIS MOVE?

WHY DOES HE KEEP STARING AT THE SILVER DOLLARS STACKED UP IN FRONT OF WALTON?



IT WAS THE NEXT DAY THAT WALTON'S LUCK TOOK A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER!

LOOKS LIKE THIS ONE'S MY POT TOO, FRIENDS!

WHEW! THAT MAKES FIVE IN A ROW, BOSS!



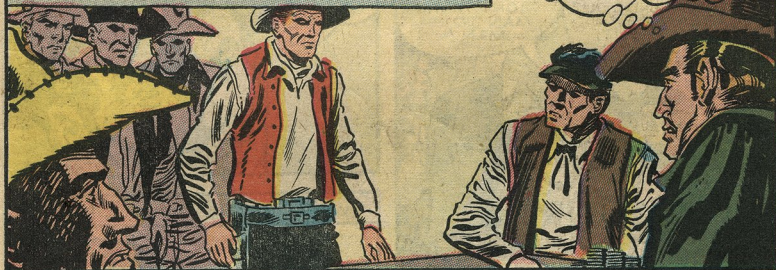
HOW MUCH YOU WINNING, BOSS!

LET'S SEE... HMMM... IT COMES TO \$5000! WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED!



IT WAS THEN THAT SLIM THOMPSON BEGAN WALKING FORWARD WITH THE STIFF-LEGGED GAIT OF A MAN WHO KNOWS HE MIGHT HAVE TO CLEAR LEATHER ANY SPLIT-SECOND! AND IT WAS THEN THAT WALTON KNEW WHAT SLIM HAD BEEN WAITING FOR!

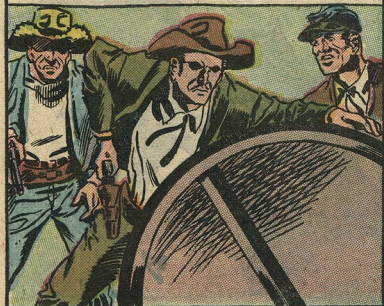
\$5000... THAT'S HOW MUCH WE TOOK FROM HIM... THAT'S HOW MUCH HE MEANS TO TAKE BACK FROM US!



WALTON DIDN'T HAVE TO SAY A WORD! HIS MEN'S HANDS WERE ALREADY SNOKING DOWN TOWARD THEIR HOLSTERS!

BUT JUST THEN... NO, YOU DON'T!

WE... WE WON'T STAND FOR IT!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

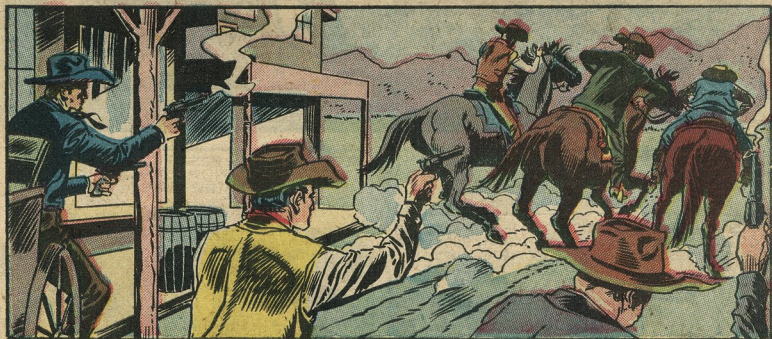
BUT A SHORT ONE!



WHEN SLIM THOMPSON WALKED OUT, HE HAD WHAT HE HAD COME FOR! THE MONEY...AND THE SURE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE WAS A REAL MAN!

STAY PUT, ALL OF YOU! IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT, BUT IT'S ENDED NOW!

AND WE AIM TO SEE THAT IT STAYS ENDED!



THEY WERE HARD-BITTEN MEN IN A RAW LAND! BUT THEY WERE DOOMED! THE LAW HAD NOT COME OUT HERE YET!... BUT THERE WERE ALREADY ENOUGH DECENT, HONEST, PLAIN FOLK ABOUT, TO KEEP THEM IN CHECK WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN. THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR THE

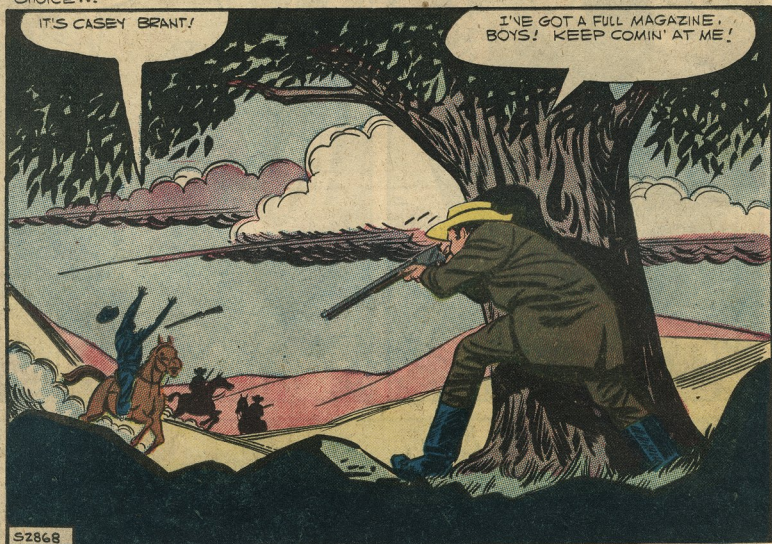
OUTLAWS of the WEST

END

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

WINCHESTER WAR

THE WINCHESTER REPEATING RIFLE FIRST APPEARED IN THE EIGHTIES IN THE WEST... MEN LIKE CASEY BRANDT APPEARED AT TRADING POSTS AND CAMPFIRES, ANYWHERE HE COULD FIND TWO OR MORE MEN TO LISTEN AND WATCH HIS DEMONSTRATION! BUT THE GREATEST DEMONSTRATION EVER STAGED, WAS ONE HE'D RATHER HAVE AVOIDED... BUT BUFF GERBER GAVE HIM NO CHOICE...



IT'S CASEY BRANDT!

I'VE GOT A FULL MAGAZINE, BOYS! KEEP COMIN' AT ME!

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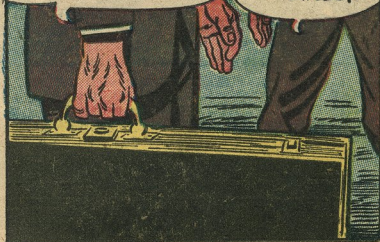
THE RIFLE SALESMAN ARRIVED IN BALDWIN IN JUNE! THE TOWN WAS SEETHING TENSION AS BUFF GERBER'S TONGUES ELBOWED DAD WHEELER'S MEN WHENEVER THEY MET...

I SMELL TROUBLE! MAYBE I OUGHT TO TAKE MY RIFLES SOMEWHERE ELSE!

THAT'S WHAT YUH CARR'IN', MISTER? WHAT KIND O' RIFLES?

HERE IT IS -- THE BEST RIFLE EVER MADE! LEVER ACTION, REPEATING, CENTER-FIRE .45 CALIBER!

SAY, MISTER, THAT'S A BEAUTY! LET ME HEFT IT ONCE!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

IT'S A HONEY! GOT NICE
BALANCE--THE LEVER'S
HANDY TUH RELOAD!

EVERYONE'LL BUY
ONE! HERE, I'LL
LOAD UP FOR
YUH!



DAD WHEELER WAS A FINE MARKSMAN! EVEN
WITH THE STRANGE RIFLE, HE HIT THE TIN
CANS HE FIRED AT...

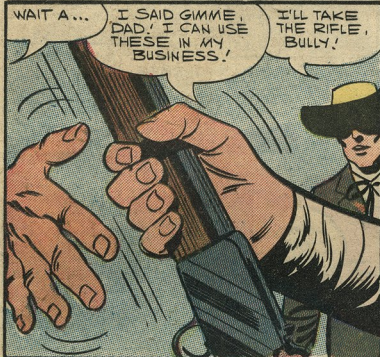
SAY! LEMME HAVE A
LOOK AT THAT RIFLE!



WAIT A...

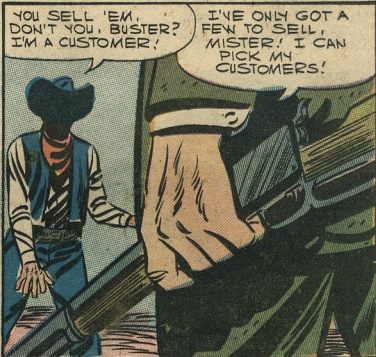
I SAID GIMME,
DAD! I CAN USE
THESE IN MY
BUSINESS!

I'LL TAKE
THE RIFLE,
BULLY!



YOU SELL 'EM,
DON'T YOU, BUSTER?
I'M A CUSTOMER!

I'VE ONLY GOT A
FEW TO SELL,
MISTER! I CAN
PICK MY
CUSTOMERS!



YOU'RE GONNA GET
HURT IN A MINUTE,
DUDE! BACK OFF!



BUFF GERBER HAD A BIG BUNCH IN TOWN--
THEY ALL WERE READY TO BACK HIS PLAY!
BRANDT EITHER DIDN'T KNOW--OR DIDN'T
CARE...



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

TWO OF GERBER'S MEN DREW... BUT THEY WERE FAR TOO SLOW FOR CASEY BRANDT..



GOT ANY FRIENDS IN TOWN, DAD? WE MAY NEED SOME HELP!



MY CREW'S HERE. THEY'LL FIGHT! BUT GERBER DOESN'T WANT A BATTLE HERE! HIS BUNCH GO IN FOR DRYGULCHIN' AN' BUSHNHACKIN'! LONG DISTANCE STUFF! HE'LL TAKE THEM OUT WHEN HE GETS ON HIS FEET!

LET'S DRIFT, BUFF! WE'LL GET EVEN OUT ON THE RANGE!

OKAY, ROUND UP THE BOYS! HAVE TWO OF 'EM HIJACK THE CASE O' GUNS--MAKE SURE THEY GET THE AMMUNITION TOO!



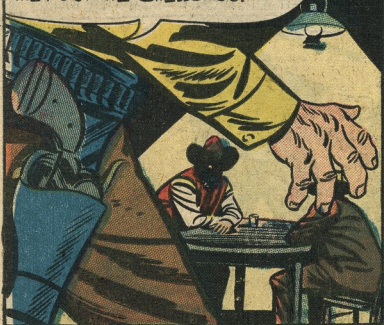
MEANWHILE, DAD WHEELER WAS EXPLAINING THE DISPUTE IN THE VALLEY! IT WAS PRETTY SIMPLE -- THE HONEST RANCHERS DISLIKED GERBER'S RUSTLERS...

WE CAN'T PROVE IT'S GERBER, BUT IT IS! HE'S BOLD AN' CUNNIN'. THERE'S A SHOW-DOWN COMIN' REAL QUICK!

MY RIFLES SHOULD SIMPLIFY THINGS FOR YOU!



TWO OF GERBER'S MEN GOT AWAY WITH THAT CASE OF WINCHESTERS! THEY GOT THE SHELLS TOO!



WAIT A MINUTE, CASEY! YUH CAN'T TACKLE 'EM ALONE!

I'M GOIN' TO... BUT BEFORE I LEAVE, I'LL WIRE FOR MORE AND HAVE 'EM SHIPPED TO YOU, MR. WHEELER! THAT'S JUST IN CASE...

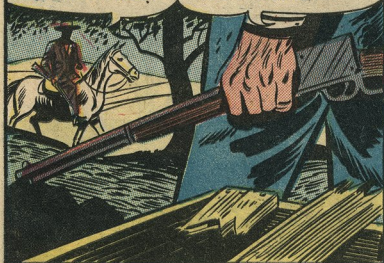


OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

CASEY BRANDT HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING GERBER'S HEADQUARTERS! AND GERBER WAS WAITING...

I SEE YUH BROKE OPEN THE CASE, GERBER! WHERE ARE THE RIFLES?

DON'T GET HARD HERE, BRANDT! I'M GONNA TAKE YUH DOWN A PEG! LOOK AROUND...



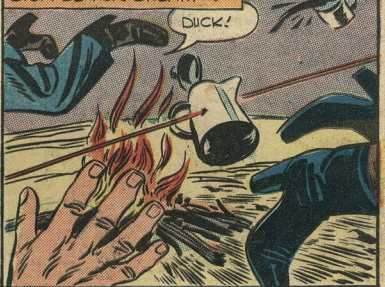
UH, HUH... I SEE! IT WON'T WORK, GERBER! THEY GET ME, I GET YOU! TELL 'EM TUH CRAWL BACK UNDER THEIR ROCKS! TELL 'EM, QUICK!



I'LL BE BACK, GERBER! I'LL COLLECT THEM GUNS THE HARD WAY! IT STILL TAKES A MAN TUH USE 'EM RIGHT, BULLY BOY!



BRANDT BEGAN DEMONSTRATING WHAT A WINCHESTER COULD DO IN THE HANDS OF A SKILLED MARKSMAN! HE HIT GERBER'S BUNCH AT NIGHT, NOON, ANY TIME THEY STOPPED FOR BREATH...



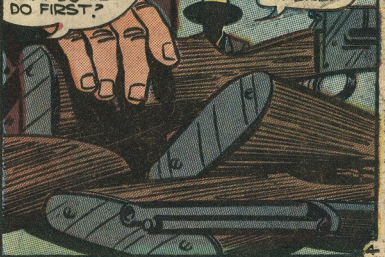
THAT DOES IT, BUFF! I QUIT! WINCHESTER SLUGS ARE THICKER'N HOSS FLIES AROUND HERE SINCE THAT RIFLE SALESMAN SHOWED UP!



GERBER'S GANG STAYED CLOSE TO THEIR RANCH -- BRANDT SEIZED HIS CHANCE TO RIDE INTO TOWN TO SEE WHEELER...

I GOT 'EM ALL CLEANED AN' READY, CASEY! WHAT DO WE DO FIRST?

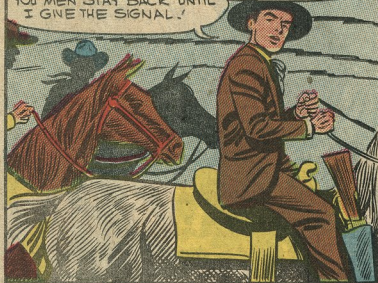
I'LL SHOW THE BOYS HOW TO USE THE WINCHESTERS! THEN I'LL SHOW 'EM WHERE!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THE MEN CASEY TAUGHT WERE ALL EXPERIENCED WITH RIFLES-- BUT THEY LEARNED A LOT BEFORE THE WINCHESTER MAN LED THEM AFTER GERBER...

I'LL PARLEY WITH GERBER!
YOU MEN STAY BACK UNTIL
I GIVE THE SIGNAL!



GERBER'S MEN OPENED UP AT THREE HUNDRED YARDS! THEY MISSED -- BRANDT DIDN'T...

WE GOTTA RUSH
HIM, GRAB
YOUR HORSES!



I GIVE UP, BRANDT!
YUH CAN HAVE THE
RIFLES BACK!
I'LL PAY FOR
'EM BESIDES!

I'LL COLLECT... AFTER
YOU ALL GO TO JAIL!



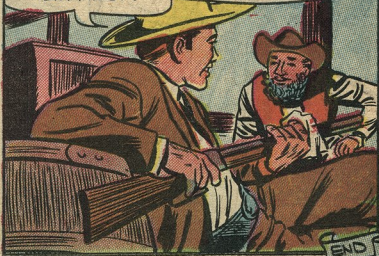
COME AHEAD,
BRANDT!

NAIL 'IM WHEN
YUH'RE SURE!



LATER, CASEY BRANDT EXPLAINED MORE FULLY...

I'M A DEPUTY U.S. MARSHAL -- I TRAVEL AS A
RIFLE SALESMAN FOR A DISGUISE! I SELL
A LOT OF RIFLES DOING IT! IN A CASE LIKE
THIS, THE WINCHESTER MAKES A BIG
DIFFERENCE -- I'D LIKE TO GET
THEM FIRST!



END

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

HE WAS SMOOTH, WELL DRESSED AND HE BROUGHT A LOT OF CASH TO TOWN... BUT DEPUTY SHERIFF CLINT WESTON DISLIKED THE STRANGER, CHARLES WICKLER ON SIGHT! HE MOVED TOO EASILY... HIS HANDS SEEMED TO CARESS INVISIBLE GUNS AS HE WALKED. HIS COLD EYES SEEING EVERYTHING! AND, IN THE END, CLINT LEARNED THE HARD WAY ABOUT THE...

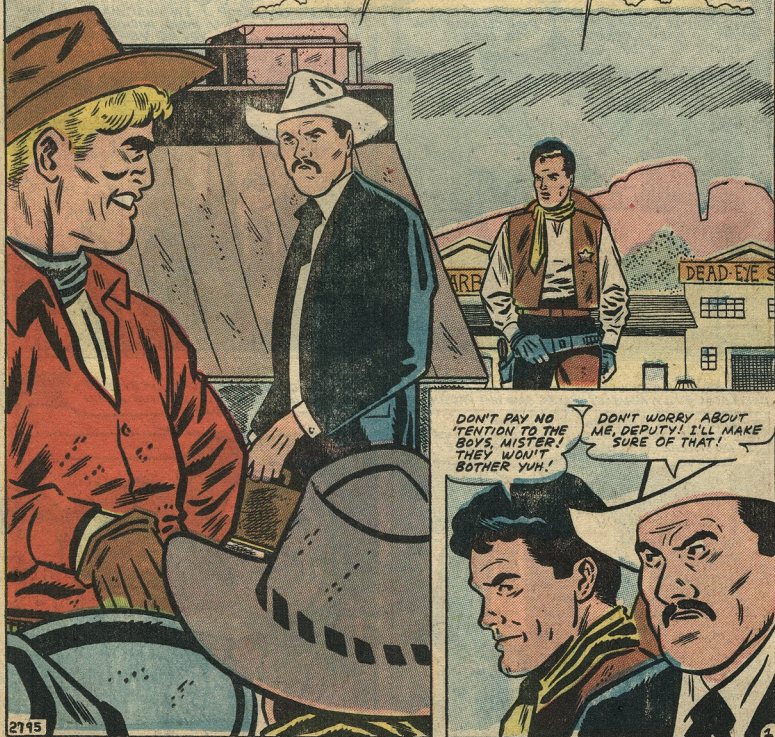
WICKED STRANGER

DEPUTY WESTON MET THE INCOMING STAGE AS USUAL! ONE MAN GOT OFF THE COACH! A STRANGER! HE LOOKED LIKE A DUDE AT FIRST, BUT THAT WAS SOON TO CHANGE!

HEY, BOYS! LOOK AT THE DUDE! HAW! HAW! HAW!

YOU HAVE CROOKED TEETH, MISTER! I'D JUST AS SOON STRAIGHTEN 'EM OUT!

HOLD ON THERE! ALL OF YUH!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



I COULD BE WRONG...BUT HIS FACE LOOKS MIGHTY FAMILIAR! I'LL KEEP MY EYES OPEN!



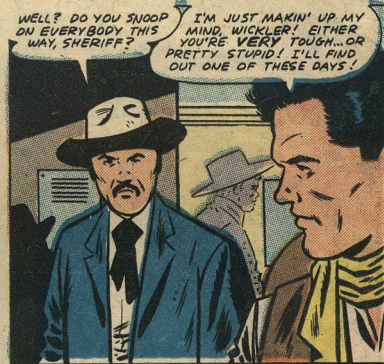
CAN I HELP YOU, MR. WICKLER? I... MY STARS!

THERE'S TWENTY SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS THERE, CLEVIS! HOLD IT FOR ME... I'M LOOKING FOR A GOOD BUY IN A RANCH!



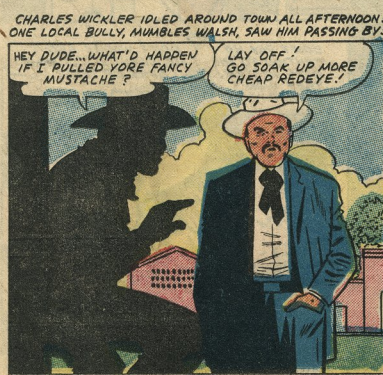
THERE'S A NICE RANCH UP SWEET RIVER WAY! BUT I DOUBT IF HANK MCDORD WANTS TO SELL!

MAYBE I CAN PURSUADE HIM TO, CLEVIS!



WELL? DO YOU SNOOP ON EVERYBODY THIS WAY, SHERIFF?

I'M JUST MAKIN' UP MY MIND, WICKLER! EITHER YOU'RE VERY TOUGH...OR PRETTY STUPID! I'LL FIND OUT ONE OF THESE DAYS!



CHARLES WICKLER IDLED AROUND TOWN ALL AFTERNOON! ONE LOCAL BULLY, MUMBLES WALSH, SAW HIM PASSING BY!

HEY DUDE...WHAT'D HAPPEN IF I PULLED YORE FANCY MUSTACHE?

LAY OFF! GO SOAK YORE CHEAP REDEYE!



OKAY, DUDE, YORE LUCKY THIS TIME! BUT I'LL SEE YUH AGAIN...SOON!

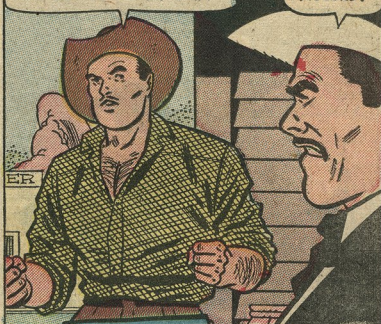
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

HANK MCORD WAS IN TOWN THE NEXT DAY! WICKLER
LOST NO TIME IN TRYING TO BUY HIS RANCH...



I GOT A HUNCH WHY YUH WANT MY SPREAD...WHO YUH WANT IT FOR! NOW GET OUT OF MY WAY!

DON'T PUSH IT, MCORD!



CLINT WESTON, WATCHING, SAW AN ODD THING! MCORD REACHED FOR HIS GUN...AND WICKLER UNARMED, SLID INTO A CROUCH, REACHING FOR A GUN, HIS EYES WERE COLD!



YUH'RE USED TO WEARIN' HARDWARE, WICKLER! HOW COME YUH SHED THEM IN THIS TOWN?

MIND YORE BUSINESS, DEPUTY! IT'S HEALTHIER NOT TO BOTHER ME!



WICKLER'S NOT USED TO BEING PUSHED AROUND! AN' WHEN HE GETS MAD HE GOES FOR A GUN! HE'S BAD... ALL BAD! WISH I KNEW WHERE I SEEN HIM BEFORE!



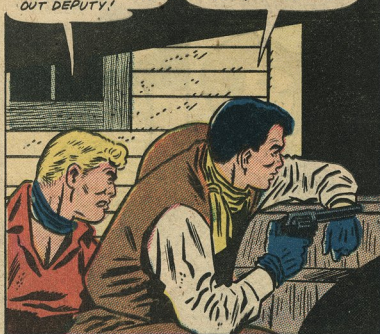
LATER, THAT NIGHT...DEPUTY WESTON WAS PATROLING WHEN HE NOTICED MUMBLES PEERING INTO AN ALLEY! SUDDENLY, HE FLINCHED BACK...



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THE BULLET JUST GRAZED ME! WATCH OUT DEPUTY!

HE'S GONE! WHO WAS IT, MUMBLES?



OTHERS GATHERED AROUND TO HEAR MUMBLES NAME THE BUSHWHACKER! BUT MUMBLES REFUSED TO SAY MORE...

IT WAS...NEVER MIND! I LEARNED MY LESSON! I DON'T KNOW WHO IT WAS!

I'LL FIND OUT ANYWAY, MUMBLES! WHEN I DO, YOU'LL IDENTIFY HIM IN COURT UNDER OATH!

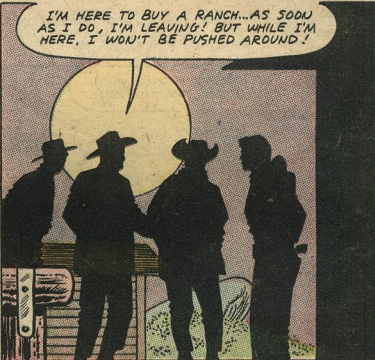


I SMELL POWDERSMOKE ON YUH, WICKLER! WE BOTH KNOW...I'LL NAIL YUH FOR THIS!

YOU WON'T NAIL ME FOR ANYTHING!



I'M HERE TO BUY A RANCH...AS SOON AS I DO, I'M LEAVING! BUT WHILE I'M HERE, I WON'T BE PUSHED AROUND!



HANK MCORD WAS FOUND BUSHWHACKED THE NEXT MORNING ON THE TRAIL! HE WASN'T DEAD...BUT HE WAS IN A COMA WHEN HE WAS BROUGHT TO TOWN!

THE DOC SAYS MCORD HAS AN EVEN CHANCE OF PULLIN' THROUGH! AN' I'M ARRESTIN' YOU, WICKLER! I'M HOLDIN' YUH FOR INVESTIGATION!

DON'T TRY IT, DEPUTY!



THAT STANCE! READY TUH DRAW...EVEN THOUGH HE'S NOT PACKIN' HARDWARE! NOW I KNOW WHO HE IS!

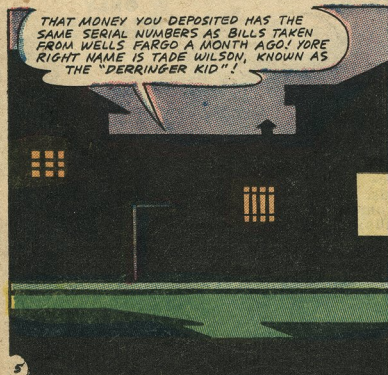
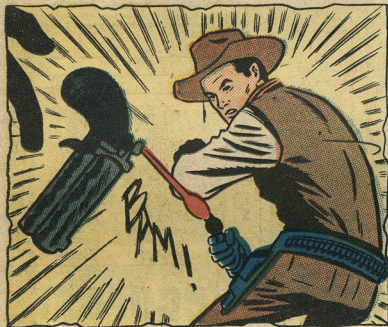


OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

WICKLER FELT COLD FEAR...THE DEPUTY WAS COOL AND COMPETENT...AND PUT HIS PLAN INTO ACTION...



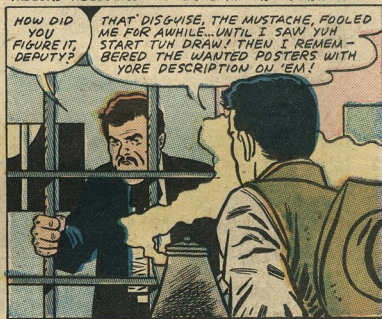
BUT THE LAWMAN'S GUN WAS FASTER...NOT MUCH... BUT ENOUGH!



THE DEPUTY SMILED AND TURNED HIS BACK! SUDDENLY WICKLER MADE A LIGHTNING MOVE AND A HIDDEN DERRINGER WAS SUDDENLY BROUGHT INTO PLAY!



CLINT WESTON HAD CHARGES THAT WOULD STICK... THEN MUMBLES WALSH IDENTIFIED HIM, AND HANK MSCORD RECOVERED TO NAME HIM AS HIS ASSAILANT!



YOU FIGURED ON BUYIN' A SPREAD IN A QUIET TOWN AN' USING IT AS A HIDEOUT BETWEEN JOBS! BUT NO MAN THAT GIVES ORDERS LIKES TUH TAKE 'EM! I FIGURED IF I PUSHED YUH FAR ENOUGH...YOU'D MAKE A WRONG MOVE! AND STRANGER...YOU DID!



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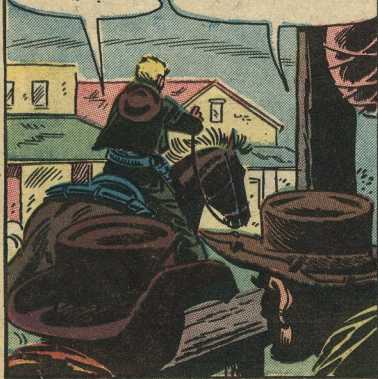
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GUNSLINGER



RAM

WHO CAN IT BE?
WES HARDIN?
CURLY BILL?
DOC HOLIDAY?
NO, THEY AIN'T
DOWNED THAT
MANY MEN. HE
MUST BE BET-
TER THAN ALL
OF 'EM.



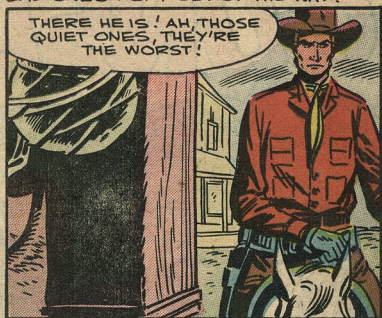
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



HERE HE COMES!

WALK SOFT BOYS IF YUH WANT TUH LIVE FER TOMORROW!

HE RODE SLOWLY INTO TOWN, THE GUN THAT WAS NOTCHED ON HIS HIP! THE BAD ONES KEPT OUT OF HIS WAY!



THERE HE IS! AH, THOSE QUIET ONES, THEY'RE THE WORST!



I'D LIKE SOME SUPPLIES, AND SOME SHELLS FOR THIS GUN--

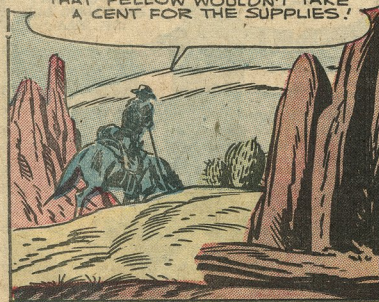
SURE, SURE! D-DON'T GET ON THE PROD, FRIEND! A-ANYTHING YUH WANT IS ON THE HOUSE! JUST--JUST HOLSTER THAT GUN, PLEASE!

WE RODE OUT OF CACTUS CREEK AND LEFT A RELIEVED TOWN BEHIND! HE HAD PASSED FROM SIGHT WHEN A FIT OF COUGHING CAME!

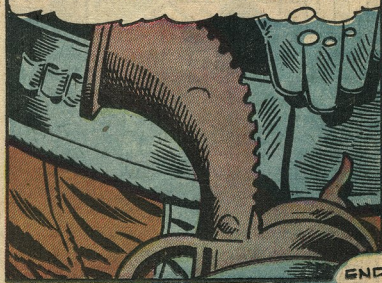


=COUGH=
=COUGH=
COUGH=

THAT WASN'T SO BAD! THAT NEW YORK DOCTOR WAS RIGHT, THIS CLIMATE IS HELPING ME! AND WHAT FINE HOSPITABLE PEOPLE IN THE WEST--- THAT FELLOW WOULDN'T TAKE A CENT FOR THE SUPPLIES!



I NEEDED THESE SHELLS BADLY FOR PRACTICING WITH THIS GUN! I GOT IN NEW YORK! I CAN'T HIT THE BROAD SIDE OF A BARN, YET! I OFTEN WONDERED WHY THE BUTT IS HACKED UP SO WITH NOTCHES!



END



Revolver-Rifle

Our hero stops his horse and turns around. There on the horizon is a cloud of dust. He needs no spy glass to tell him what it signifies. For the hunter has now become the hunted. Brave Sheriff Ben McKeon has a tough problem on his hand. He had been in search of the Kemp Brothers for a week. The two of them were wanted for killing an unarmed prospector on Ridge Creek. He had picked up their trail.

But the rifle scabbard on his horse is empty. His Winchester is missing. When he stopped at the Blacksmith's to have his horse reshod, the gun was in the scabbard. Could it all have been part of a trick? A well planned scheme to finish him off? For they could fire at him with their rifles feeling he couldn't reach them with his two six shooters. The matter of range of fire was now a question of life and death.

He pushed his weary horse on to the utmost. Then stopped when he found a suitable spot for his defense. He dismounted and opened his saddle bags. He carried plenty of spare ammunition for just such an emergency. Then he took out a metal frame that resembled the stock of a rifle. In his left holster he carried what had come to be known as the "Buntline Special." It was in .45 caliber with a 16 inch barrel. He attached the special stock and waited.

Soon the two killers came in sight. They dismounted and took their rifles from the scabbards. They had judged their distance according to their plan. The sheriff was within fire of their rifles but they were not within fire from his revolvers. They in turn opened fire first and missed. Six shots came in succession from that rifle-revolver. Three of the bullets found their mark. Both killers were badly wounded, but they would live until brought back to Dodge City. There they would stand trial and be convicted. That unusual revolver-rifle had saved the life and the day for Sheriff Ben McKeon.

The idea of fastening a shoulder stock on the early heavy barrel revolvers was thought

up by civilians. They were thus making a serviceable repeating shoulder arm which could be used to good advantage in repelling Indian attacks on their covered wagons. Finally Colt Company decided to apply the same idea to a full fledged rifle. Consequently the 1885 model revolving rifle was adopted by the armed service of the United States. This caliber .58 weapon had a full length rifle barrel. The cylinder was long enough to hold the large powder charge and conical bullet. The Colt method of ramming the charge in the cylinder by a hinged lever was employed, a device which had proved popular on revolvers.

One of the features of the weapon failed to work properly under field conditions. The nipples that held the percussion cap were set in a recessed opening in an attempt to protect the cap and the primer from weather conditions, which they did successfully. But in field use as the soldier loaded the cylinders, he placed too much pressure on the loading lever. This force would rupture the paper cartridge where it bottomed at the aft end of the cylinder. This caused loose powder to spill through the hole in the nipple. Since it was too dangerous to cover the nipple with a percussion cap while loading, the grains of powder would lodge in the recess connected to other nipples.

During the firing the heavy rifle barrel had to be supported by the hand. This had not been necessary in the revolver equipped with the shoulder stock. Sometimes loose powder from a faulty cap or gas leak would cause other chambers to be ignited. When this happened, the soldier using the piece lost his hand or the portion of his arm that happened to be in front of the exploding cylinder.

One such accident in a regiment destroyed not only confidence in the weapon but the morale of soldiers and officers alike. Before the Civil War many a regular was on the pension roll for having lost his hand in line of

duty. The duty being, in most cases, nothing more than target practice with the new repeating rifle.

These accidents had become so common that some company commanders ordered the men to lower the loading level and to hold it in the left hand. This placed the hand out of range of the gas leak where the cylinder chamber aligned with the bore of the barrel. Thus, should the chamber explode, the shooter was safe from the hail of lead and steel. Other officers protected their men in a different manner. They had the soldiers load just one of the chambers. By this simple method of converting to a single shot weapon, they eliminated the hazard of blowing up the weapon.

The total failure of the Army's first official attempt to introduce a repeating shoulder weapon into the service gave the conservative element a chance to point out the inevitable disaster that always follows any such departure from what has proved successful over the years. Finally a board of officers met. After hearing all the evidence, they ordered that the Colt's use be discontinued and the pieces sold for whatever price could be obtained. The highest bid was 42 cents a rifle.

While the weapon's danger to personnel using it had undoubtedly been bad, the effect of its reputation on the trend toward repeating action guns was almost fatal so far as our military forces were concerned. For, after the discreditable showing of the Colt revolving rifle, no officer cared to stake his career on any such contrivance. Especially since the Colt revolver, which the weapon so closely copied, had been such a huge success. They simply could not understand why a trivial change in design could result in such disaster.

Of course, the moment you had the revolver using a metallic cartridge, the situation was completely different. The popularity of the Colt revolver was in no way diminished. Now upon the scene appears a fantastic man by the name of Edward S. C. Judson. He was also known as Ned Buntline. He was what best can be described as the leading western pulp writer of his day. He also became famous as the man who promoted Buffalo Bill. Ned Buntline wrote a play — Buffalo Bill acted in it. He called it "Scouts of the Plains." With Texas Jack in it the play should have been a failure. But who cared? The public took to the idea of real westerners and bad as the play was, it became a tremendous success and made a lot of money for Buffalo Bill and Ned Buntline.

Ned Buntline was on the look out for more

and more material for his stories. The fame of Wyatt Earp was spreading. So our writer went to his desk and started turning out more and more western stories. Then he paid a visit to Dodge City. According to one version, Ned Buntline was so grateful to the Dodge City peace officers for the material he got from them, that he decided to get them something special in guns. He sent to the Colt's factory for five special .45 six guns of regulation single action, but with barrels four inches longer than the standard — a foot in length — which made each 18 inches overall. Each gun had a demountable walnut rifle stock with a thumbscrew attachment to fit the weapon for a shoulder piece in long range shooting. The walnut butt of each gun had the word "Ned" carved deeply into the wood. With each gun came a hand-tooled holster made especially for the gun. Ned Buntline gave one of these specials to Wyatt Earp, Charlie Bassett, Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, and Neal Brown.

However it would seem as the result of research that Ned Buntline did not originate these special guns. He saw them at the Colt exhibit in 1876 in Philadelphia. Evidently Colt gave these long barreled revolvers no particular name except that they were "Colt's pistols with carbine barrel and attachable stock." Ned Buntline bought them for about \$26.00 each. Soon the "Buntline Special" became as famous as its main owner, Wyatt Earp.

We do know that this gun was used in the O.K. Corral fight at Tombstone. That long barrel on the pistol served for another purpose. A man is resisting arrest. No need to shoot him. One smack on the head with the barrel and he is out cold. When he opens his eyes he finds himself behind bars of his jail.

I have seen other types of pistols, revolvers, and semi-automatic guns with demountable stocks. However, through an interpretation of the National Firearms Act of 1934, the combination is considered as a "firearm" as defined by the Act. What does this mean? That the pistol or revolver without the stock is legal but with the stock attached it is considered as a sawed-off shotgun or rifle which may be concealed upon the person and therefore illegal. The history of revolvers and rifles is closely connected with the development of the West as well as the growth of our armed forces. Perhaps someday in the future we will have a revolver that shoots atomic bullets. What a surprise it will be for the Martians!

— THE END —

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ONCE YOU KNOW THESE SECRETS!**

First time revealed... this private collection from "Art the Magician." **COMPLETE SECRETS REVEALED!** Every single trick fully explained! You saw some of them on T. V. Many were performed by such master magicians as **HOUDINI, THURSTON**, etc. And now... **YOU** can do all of these famous magic tricks. They're fun! They're mystifying! Simply terrific for parties!

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

**MAGIC COLLECTION, DEPT. 1301
228 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.**

I enclose \$1.00. Please **RUSH** my 250 **MAGIC TRICKS** postpaid. If the tricks don't work, I can return in 10 days for full refund. (Sorry, No COD's.)

NAME _____ Please Print

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

FABULOUS NEW 5-Ft. Long Balloons TWIST INTO A THOUSAND SHAPES!

GIRAFFES—DACHSHUNDS—PETS OF ALL KINDS

Made of **200** for **\$1** ADD 25c Postage & Handling

Delight Kiddies—Grown-Ups, Too!

Fantastically flexible Live Latex! Like no other balloons you've ever seen! Twist 'em, turn 'em, bend 'em—they won't break! Cut them in half or any size—twist and they re-seal! The kiddies will have a whale of a time making them into Davy Crockett hats, pretzels, giraffes, lions, fish—a whole zoo! You'll want them for unusual party or Recreation room decorations! Live up a party with a contest for making the funniest shape of all! Complete instructions.

Almost 5 feet long when inflated. Balloons this size usually sell up to 25c each!

Send only \$1 now for 200 in a variety of gay colors! (Plus 25c for Postage and Handling.)

Supply limited at this low price, so order several sets NOW for **GUARANTEED PROMPT DELIVERY. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.**

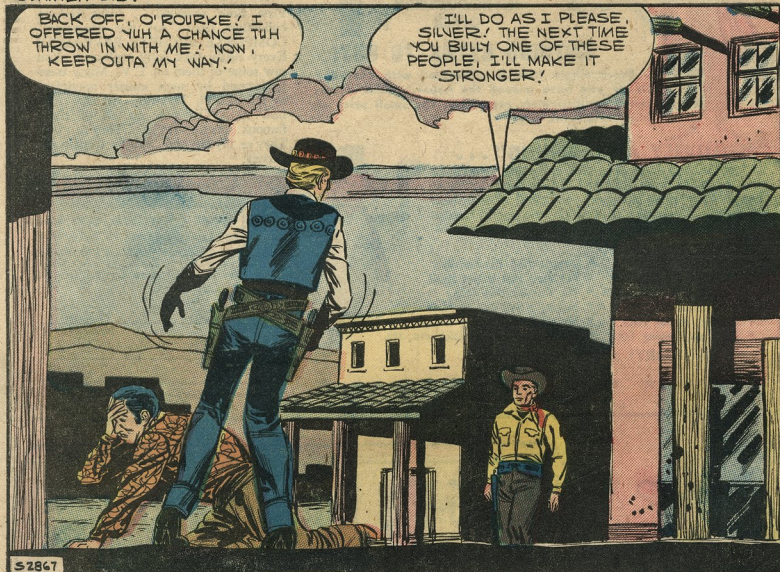
MURRAY HILL HOUSE Dept. 1901
114 E. 32 St. New York 16, N. Y.



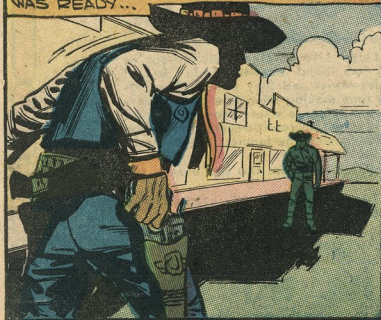
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

SANTA FE FUELED

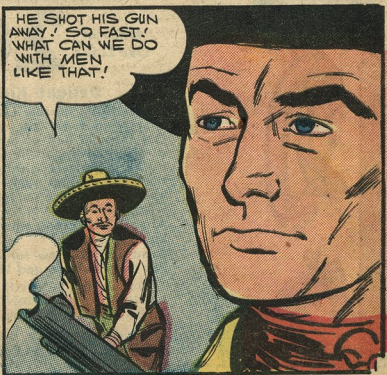
SANTA FE WAS A SLEEPY SPANISH TOWN UNTIL THE BRASH, ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS APPEARED -- THEY WERE OUT TO TEAR RICHES FROM THE NEW COUNTRY. THE SPANISH RANCHERS WANTED ONLY TO KEEP WHAT THEY HAD. MEN LIKE DEV O' ROURKE MADE NO TROUBLE FOR THEM ... BUT LAWLESS GUNMEN LIKE SILVER REED AND HIS GUNMEN DID!



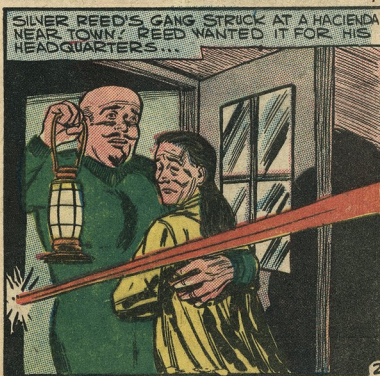
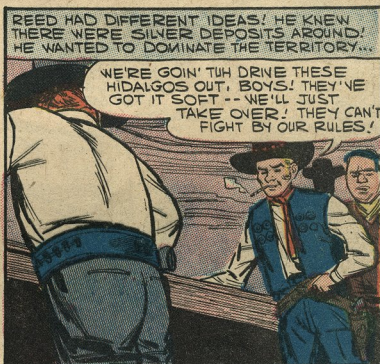
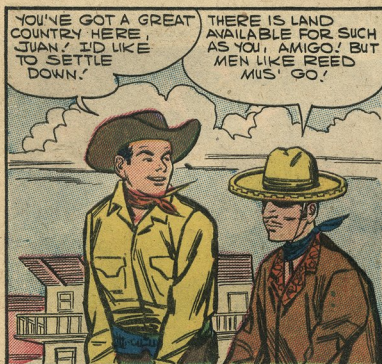
SILVER REED'S GUNMEN WERE ALL AROUND, BUT O' ROURKE DIDN'T CARE! HE WATCHED THE MAN OUTLAWED IN THE STATES -- AND HE WAS READY ...



HE SHOT HIS GUN AWAY! SO FAST! WHAT CAN WE DO WITH MEN LIKE THAT!



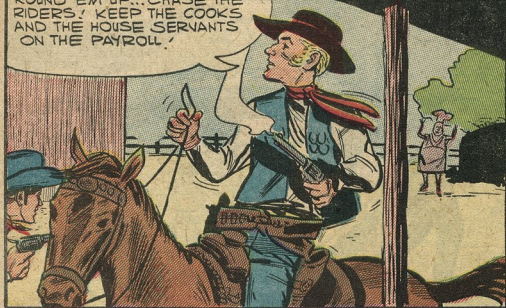
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THE RANCHER MOVED HIS FAMILY INTO TOWN THE NEXT DAY -- LEAVING HIS MEN TO GUARD THE RANCH ...

ROUND 'EM UP... CHASE THE RIDERS! KEEP THE COOKS AND THE HOUSE SERVANTS ON THE PAYROLL!



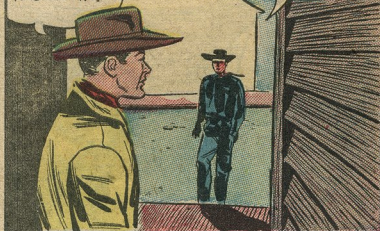
I'M THE NEW HIDALGO, BUSTER! YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM ME! I'M BUYIN' THIS PLACE FROM RAMON GONZALES!



REED GOT GONZALES ALONE... GONZALES, WITH TWO COLTS AT HIS HEAD, SIGNED THE DEED...

I HEARD ABOUT IT, REED! YUH DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME MOVIN' IN!

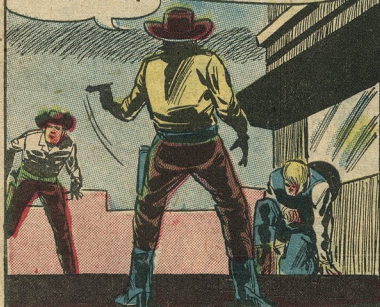
WHY SHOULD I? NO ONE AROUND HERE'S BIG ENOUGH TO STOP ME!



O'ROURKE GAVE NO WARNING -- HE STEPPED IN CLOSE AND SWUNG WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH...

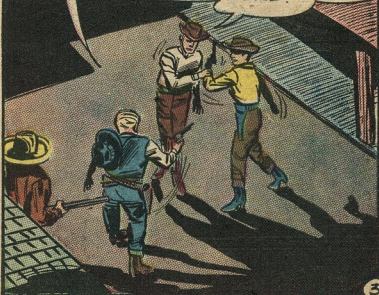


HOLD IT, MISTER! REED, GET OUTA TOWN! LEAVE SANTA FE -- I'M GOIN' TO CHASE YUH ALL THE WAY BACK TUH KANSAS!



I'D FIX HIM! LET GO!

DON'T! YOU'D BE SORRY IF YUH TRIED TUH, BOSS! O'ROURKE'S GOT A LOT OF FRIENDS HERE!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

REED'S MEN TOOK WHAT THEY WANTED IN THE STORES... THE FEW WHO TRIED TO PROTEST WERE TAUGHT BITTER LESSONS...

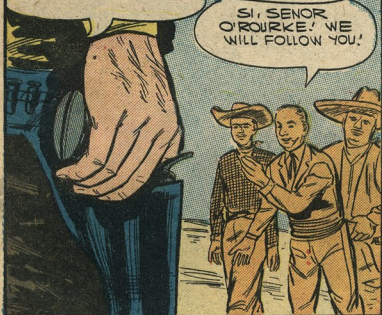
I JUST BOUGHT A SOMBRERO, BOSS! THE OLD COOT WANTED CASH! I CONVINCED HIM MY CREDIT IS GOOD

GOOD! I RUN THIS TOWN! YOU BOYS TAKE WHAT YOU WANT!

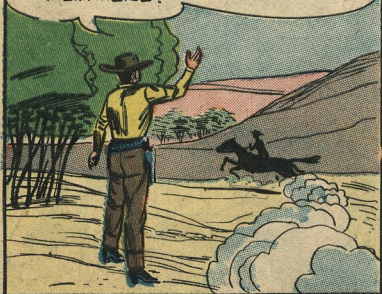


REED HAS NO PRINCIPLES! I'M GOIN' TO TEACH HIM SOME!

SI, SENOR O'ROURKE! WE WILL FOLLOW YOU!



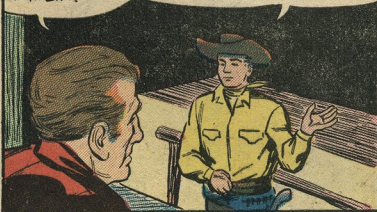
TELL YORE BOYS TO CAMP AROUND TOWN WITH RIFLES -- IF ANY OF REED'S MEN TRY T'U GET AWAY, STOP 'EM! ME AN' THE MOUNTAIN MEN WILL HANDLE THEM HERE!



THE OLDER INHABITANTS HAD HOPED FOR PEACE...NOW, THEY MET, PLANNING TO FIGHT! O'ROURKE AND OTHER YANQUIS WERE INVITED...

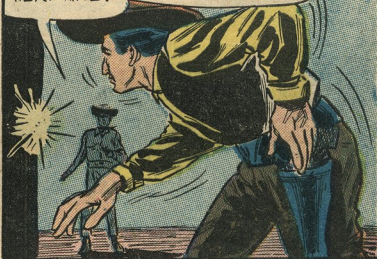
WE KNOW AMERICANS WILL COME! WE WANT TO GET ALONG WITH THEM!

SILVER REED AND HIS BUNCH AREN'T TYPICAL, SIR! THEY'VE BEEN CHASED FROM OUR CITIES! WE'VE GOT TO THROW 'EM OUT FROM SANTA FE TOO!



O'ROURKE STARTED COUNTER-ATTACKING AT ONCE! HE CAUGHT AN UNWARY OUTLAW ON THE STREET AND...

SADDLE UP AND GET OUT! DON'T STAY OR I'LL SHOOT STRAIGHTER NEXT TIME!



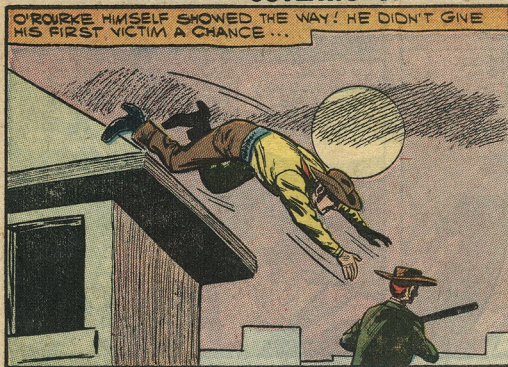
THE MOUNTAIN MEN, THE TRAPPERS, THEY'RE SIDIN' WITH O'ROURKE! CAN WE BUCK 'EM, BOSS?

WHY NOT? WE'RE FASTER WITH COLTS THAN THEY ARE! DRIVE 'EM OUT!

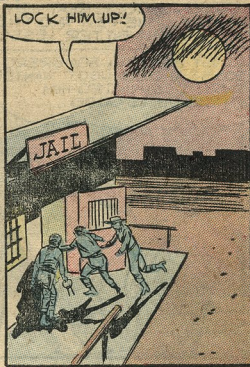


OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

O'ROURKE HIMSELF SHOWED THE WAY! HE DIDN'T GIVE HIS FIRST VICTIM A CHANCE...



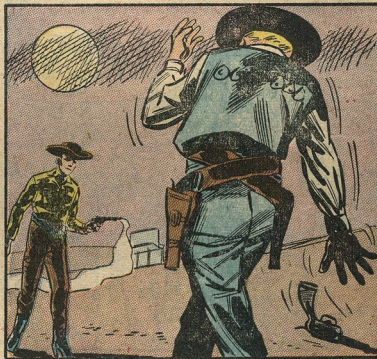
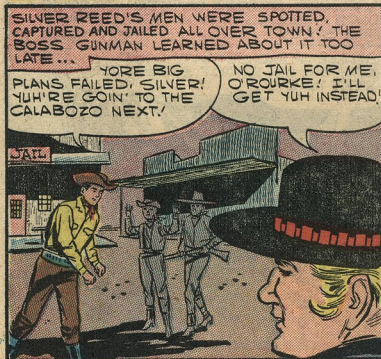
LOCK HIM UP!



SILVER REED'S MEN WERE SPOTTED, CAPTURED AND JAILED ALL OVER TOWN! THE BOSS GUNMAN LEARNED ABOUT IT TOO LATE...

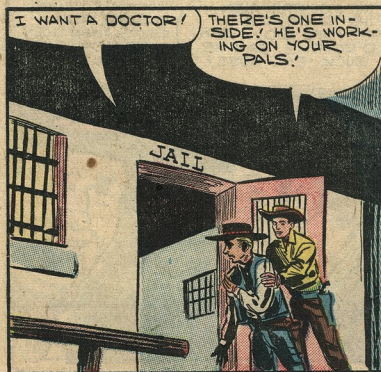
YORE BIG PLANS FAILED, SILVER! YUH'RE GOIN' TO THE CALABOZO NEXT!

NO JAIL FOR ME, O'ROURKE! I'LL GET YUH INSTEAD!



I WANT A DOCTOR!

THERE'S ONE INSIDE! HE'S WORKING ON YOUR PALS!



WE WELCOME MEN LIKE YOU, O'ROURKE! THERE IS GOOD LAND FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS TO SETTLE ON!

THANKS, AMIGO! WE'LL TAKE YORE OFFER -- AND WHEN OTHERS LIKE REED COME ALONG, WE'LL BE READY!



END

Find the strength
for your life...



Religion In American Life Program

WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

This advertisement is being run as a public service
by Charlton Comics Group.

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

Davy Crockett

in 'DAVY'S FIRST B'AR'

NOPE -- THERE JUST WEREN'T ANY-
THING THAT DAVY CROCKETT COULD
NOT DO BIGGER, BETTER AND FAST-
ER THAN MOST FOLKS. AND THAT
WENT FOR TALL TALE TELLIN' TOO...



51169

HEE - HAW - HO -
HAW!

DAVY, THAT TALL TALE
WAS A HUMDINGER--
AN' THAT'S FER
SURE!

MISTER
CROCKETT...

STEP UP, SON, AND
SPEAK YOUR PIECE!
DAVY CROCKETT'S
ALWAYS WILLIN' TO LEND
AN EAR TO WHAT A
YOUNG 'UN HAS
TO SAY!

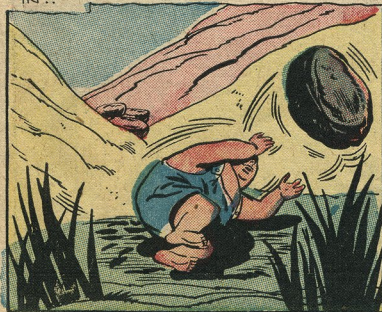


OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



...OR OF ONE THAT COULDN'T SLEEP COMFORTABLE - LIKE UNLESS HE HAD A WHOLE VALLEY TO TWIST AND TURN IN...

...OR OF ONE WITH SUCH POWERFUL LUNGS, THAT WHEN HE YELLED FOR HIS MAMMY...



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

...THE BLAST OF HIS VOICE SPLIT ALL NEARBY MOUNTAINS IN TWO!...



G-GOSH--YE WERE A RIGHT, POWERFUL BABY, MR. CROCKETT... I CAN SEE THAT, BUT WEREN'T THREE A MIGHTY YOUNG AGE FOR YOUR PAW TO LET YE TOTE A GUN?



HMMM... I WOULDN'T SAY THAT! THE FACT IS THAT I WAS ONLY TWO...



"WHEN I TRAIPSED BY THIS SHOOTIN' MATCH AN' SAW A PASSEL OF GROWN MEN TRYIN' TO SNUFF OUT A CANDLE AT A HUNDRED PACES...

HMPF...THEY'RE MISSIN'... EVERY LAST OF OF 'EM."



LET ME TRY MY HAND AT SNUFFIN' THAT CANDLE, SIR!

HEY ?!



SEE...THAT'S HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

WELL, ONE LOOK AT HOW THEY'D BEEN OUTSHOT BY A TWO-YEAR-OLD, MADE THOSE GROWN MEN FEEL SO ASHAMED, THAT THEY ALL BROKE THEIR RIFLES OVER THEIR KNEES...



...AN' WHEN MY PAW SAW THAT, HE GAVE ME A RIGHT- STERN LECTURE..

DAVY, LOOK AT WHAT YE'VE DONE BY SHAMIN' ALL THOSE MEN; NOW WHAT IF INJUNS WERE TO RAID US THIS MINUTE? THERE WOULDN'T BE A WHOLE RIFLE LEFT TO DRIVE 'EM OFF WITH!



I FORBID YE TO TOTE A RIFLE TILL YE'RE NIGH ONTO SIX YEARS OLD!



...AN' THAT'S HOW IT WAS, SON, I LISTENED TO MY PAW--AN' I DIDN'T SQUEEZE TRIGGER AGAIN TILL I WAS SIX!

B-BUT IF YE DIDN'T, MR. CROCKETT, HOW DID YE KILL THE B'AR WHEN YE WERE THREE?

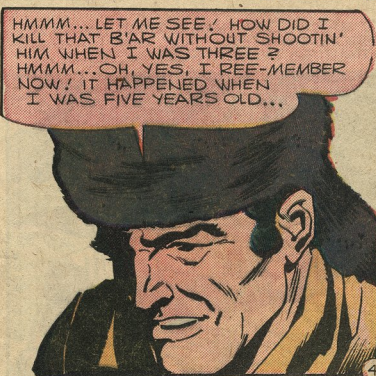


UH -OH, DAVY'S TALKED HIMSELF INTO A CORNER THIS TIME!

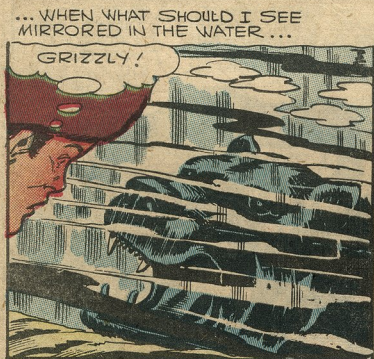
SHHH-- HE'LL WIGGLE OUT OF IT YET! JUST LISTEN...



HMMM... LET ME SEE! HOW DID I KILL THAT B'AR WITHOUT SHOOTIN' HIM WHEN I WAS THREE? HMMM... OH, YES, I REE-MEMBER NOW! IT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD...



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

WELL, WHAT WITH ALL THE RIPPLES CAUSED BY THAT STONE SPLASHIN' INTO THE WATER, MR. GRIZZLY FOUND HIMSELF STARIN' AT THREE REFLECTIONS OF YOURS TRULY...



...AN' SEEMIN' THREE OF ME WHEN JUST A SPLIT- SECOND AGO THERE'D ONLY BEEN ONE, CONFUSED HIM SO...



...THAT I HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO GRAB HIM BY THE TAIL AN' SWING HIM ROUND AN' ROUND TILL HE LOST HIS BREATH AN' DIED !..



...AN' THAT'S HOW I GOT MY FIRST B'AR WHEN I WAS THREE.

HEE, HAW, HO...
YE DID IT AGAIN, DAVY!
YE DID IT AGAIN!



WELL, SON--DO YE HAVE THE TALE STRAIGHT NOW ? NOW MAKE SURE WHEN YE PASS IT ON TO YOUR FRIENDS...



...YE TELL 'EM FIRST THAT DAVY CROCKETT'S TALL TALES ARE THREE TIMES TALLER THAN ANYBODY ELSE'S.



100 TOY SOLDIERS

MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4½"!

\$1.25



EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

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JOSELY CO., Dept. TCH-17

1472 Broadway

New York 36, N. Y.

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NO

C.O.D.'s

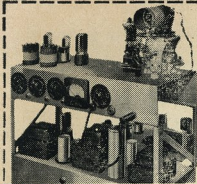
Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

Name

Address

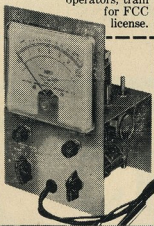
City State

Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50 postal money order.



YOU BUILD Broadcasting Transmitter

As part of N.R.I. Communications Course you build this low power Transmitter; use it to learn methods required of commercial broadcasting operators, train for FCC license.

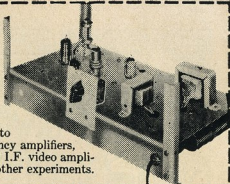


YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Voltmeter

Use it to get practical experience, earn extra cash fixing neighbors' sets in spare time, gain knowledge to help you work in Radio, Television, Color TV. With N.R.I. training you work on circuits common to both Radio and TV. Equipment you build "brings to life" things you learn in N.R.I.'s easy-to-understand lessons. 64 page Catalog FREE, shows all equipment you get.

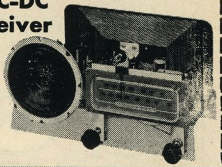
YOU BUILD Signal Generator

N.R.I. sends kits of parts to build this Signal Generator. You get practical experience, conduct tests to compensate Radio frequency amplifiers, practice aligning a typical I.F. video amplifier in TV circuit, many other experiments.



YOU BUILD AC-DC Superhet Receiver

N.R.I. servicing training supplies all parts, everything is yours to keep. Nothing takes the place of practical experience. You get actual servicing experience by practicing with this modern receiver; you learn-by-doing.



Learn RADIO TELEVISION by Practicing at Home

WHAT GRADUATES DO AND SAY

Chief Engineer

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Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog, FREE. (No Salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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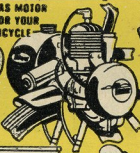
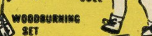
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Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 Mottos ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$5.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and BIG PRIZE CATALOG FREE.

FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and I'll give you free a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—plus extra surprises!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page... or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, air-rifles, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others... all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c... sell on sight. You can make big cash commissions or get many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Other prizes for selling 2 sets or more. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE.

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ELECTRIC TRAIN



DAVY CROCKETT
TOYS & EQUIPMENT

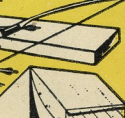
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Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottoes, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize. I want or keep a cash commission as explained. INCLUDE DETAILS OF HOW I MAY WIN THE EXTRA BIG PRIZES.

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The FUNman, Dept. K-109, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois